

THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1876.

THE OLD WORLD AND NEW IN SOCIAL CONTRAST.

THE general difference between the Old and the New World, and between life on the two continents, is what would naturally be expected between an old and a new country. The Old World is hoary and antique, fully developed and elaborately differentiated; made into all that can be made of it; grand and luxurious in general, though in many respects wrongly or imperfectly developed, or else over-matured, and already in partial decay. The New World, on the other hand, is young and vigorous, with greater hopes than actual developments; its resources untried, the limits of its greatness unknown, and having everywhere, in its newness and plainness, the evidences of pioneer industry about it. Europe shows her history on every hand; and her present institutions and improvements—the growth of centuries—are fixed and stiff with age, and immovable either for overthrow or further growth; while America, without history or precedents, and free to go in any direction, or change at almost any stage, has an air of uncertainty and insecurity, presaging a future of great indefiniteness. Life in Europe is accordingly chilled and slow, moving in fixed channels, worn in the rocky foundations of history, or restrained within the immemorial strata-limits of customs and laws; while in America, on the other hand, life is active and venturesome, capable of great fortunes and great

failures; nobody appearing to know what can be done, or what he may not do. Europe, in short, is old, and America is young.

We purpose in this article to set forth the prominent differences between European and American life, as illustrative of this idea. In pursuance of this object, we shall discuss, as the first general cause of difference, the scarcity and comparative exhaustion of the soil in Europe, and its appropriate effect on the economic and industrial life of the people.

After thousands of years of cultivation, and the immense population which so small a country as Europe has been compelled to support, it could not be otherwise than that the people should now be greatly pressed for land. Accordingly, while nothing is more cheap and plentiful with us than land, nothing is more scarce in Europe. All the land has long since been appropriated, its bounds fixed, its identification with families and estates settled. It is exceedingly rare that any considerable amount changes titles; and most of the building sites, even in cities, when they do change hands, pass only a lease-hold interest, some ancient family or great property-owner holding a ground-rent upon them. Farmers and peasants generally rent their tracts from year to year, as we shall presently explain; and the great system of real property laws, which has been so elaborately perfected,

has almost outlived its active application in the countries where it has grown up,—that which concerns leases and rents being of the principal application now.

All the land in Europe can be said to be used. There is no wild land, no uncultivated marshes, or interior prairies, as with us. There is not even any original woodland or virgin forest, except on the mountains, and most of the mountains have many times been cut bare. The people raise their wood as they do their corn, as we shall presently show, and are quite as economical with it. Nor are there, except in rare cases, any pastures. Cattle are fed in the stables, and receive almost as much attention as the members of the household,—being, in Holland, often kept in the house, as the Irishman keeps his pig. The sheep are generally kept in folds in the fields, being penned up in very close limits by a temporary fence, to keep them from destroying too much grass, and scattering too much their manure. And in such pastures as there are, they make the stock eat miserably close; first sending in the horses, then the mules and asses, then the cows; and, finally, the sheep and goats, to nip the remainder. There are no fences in Europe, as a general thing, as they would take up too much room, and as there is little need of them, owing to the stock not being generally put loose on the land. In the few cases where cattle are pastured, it is cheaper to hire a boy to watch them. The people divide off their land by stakes, along which the eye must trace a bee-line, or else by narrow swards of grass or sod. As the land too often changes its occupants, it being let out in small tracts of different size each year to different individuals, fences would, moreover, be of little use. In England, there are many hedges which have grown up from time immemorial; but they pay for the land occupied by them, in blackberries and other small fruits.

The land in Europe is closely farmed, being cultivated more like a garden than like our farms. Much of it is tilled with

a hoe and rake, instead of with plows and improved agricultural implements. No fence corners are allowed to go to waste, no off fields that the farmer has not time to seed. The mountain-sides are used for pasturing cattle, and the rocky cliffs for sheep and goats. Along the highways are planted fruit-trees: in Germany, plums; in Spain, peaches; and in Italy, figs. The streams are dammed up, and stocked with fish; almost every farmer in Bavaria having a fish-pond. The whole country in that kingdom has, accordingly, the appearance of abounding in small lakes; and a man's water crop often yields as much as his land crop. The trout and salmon raised in the Swiss mountain streams are an important article of food; and the muddy canals of Holland, and the lagoons of Venice are utilized for raising eels and shrimp. The numerous bays and inlets of Denmark, and the northern coast of Germany are thronged with ducks and geese, whose feathers and smoked meat are important articles of commerce. In short, there is no spot allowed to go to waste that will raise a hill of potatoes, or float a fish; and even the dunghills are made to support mushrooms. And, not satisfied with using up all the land, the people go out into the surrounding seas, and ply the nets and hooks to an extent altogether unknown to us. The whole coast of Europe is one extended fishing-ground, used almost entirely for drying nets. In Holland, Sweden, and Denmark, it is no uncommon thing to see whole railroad trains of herring starting off from the coast to the interior; while in Italy, the sardine fisheries engage the thousands for the season. And as for the rivers in the interior, the fish are all numbered by the citizens, like the hairs of our head by Providence.

The products raised in Europe are generally such as yield most bountifully, and contain most nourishment and support for the immense population. Instead of raising crops of every thing, as with us, the people, to save the land, confine themselves more to such cereals, roots, and

fruits as are best adapted to the soil, and as will, besides best supplying the local consumption, yield most for commerce; so that there is not the same changing of products and experimenting as with us. France always raises the same wine crop; Spain, the same oil; and Russia, the same wheat. The yield per acre vastly surpasses our farming, notwithstanding the richness of our soil; a European often realizes as much grain from one field as we from a whole farm, and as much butter from one cow as we from a whole herd.

Owing to this great drain on the land, the soil is almost entirely used up, notwithstanding the precautions to spare it. In many parts of Germany it is necessary to let the land lie fallow every second year, and sometimes for two years in succession. They sometimes give the land a comparative rest for seven to twelve years, by planting groves of pine wood upon it, after which period the land is new again, the wood in the meanwhile proving a good investment. Fields of trees may, accordingly, be seen as often in Germany as of any other product of agriculture; and, from this source alone, all the fire-wood of that country is obtained. All land is heavily manured, the dung of the hack horses in the streets being caught up and saved as a precious article to be sold for this purpose. The rotation of crops is also well studied and closely practiced. The great discoveries of Liebig and others in agricultural chemistry, by which the land may be renewed and restored to its original richness, have been of incalculable advantage in refunding the people of the too crowded countries with the means of living. For great discoveries, owing to the difference of ages in the two worlds, consist, not, as in this country, in inventions to save labor, but in devices to save materials.

In the cities there is the same lack of land, though manifesting itself in a different way. The streets are narrow,—not much wider than our alleys, as a general thing. Our streets are so wide that, to one coming from Europe, they

look like fields. The houses in Europe, accordingly, appear to be higher, and the streets more crowded. The buildings are close together, there being no vacant lots, as in the central portions of many of our cities. Nor are there any yards or gardens attached to the buildings to take up room; and very rarely are there any trees in the streets. The buildings, too, are generally so constructed, especially in the large Continental cities, as to take up the whole lot on which they stand, and not, as in our country, to take up only on the front next to the street. They are generally built in the form of a square, with a court, or open space, in the center, so that, on a lot of equal size with one of ours, there are in reality four buildings, instead of one,—one being in front, two at the sides, and one in the rear. The houses are generally four or five stories high, and often six or eight stories. The first story is generally used for stores or shops, and the upper ones for residences; the second and third stories of the front building being for the rich, and the upper and back ones, and the cellars and garrets, for the poor; while the doorways and halls are common, like the gates and streets of the city. In ancient fortified towns, like Prague and Edinburgh, where the cities could not extend beyond the walls, and so had to grow upward, as the only possible direction of their extension, the heights of some of the houses reach almost the altitude of church steeples. In Leipsic, we counted as many as five stories in the roof of one of the houses; the house itself, if we remember correctly, being six stories high before reaching the roof. Some of the finest structures are behind other buildings, and can not be seen at all from the street, as the Orpheum and Aquarium of Berlin, and the churches of Prague; so that the full wealth and beauty of a European city does not always appear to one walking in the streets.

Owing to the scarceness of land in Europe, it is no uncommon thing for people to make gardens on the top of their

houses, and plant flower-beds there. We saw, in Berlin, a beer-garden, with its arbor and walks and other appurtenances, all on top of a house. The residences in Europe are, owing to this lack of room, much smaller than with us, and things are packed more closely in them. A family does not require, as here, from eight to fifteen rooms, much less a whole house to itself; but in the flat system, which they have adopted, each residence averages about five rooms, and about one-tenth of a house. The shops and warehouses, instead of being long, corridor-like halls, as with us, are not larger than one of our law offices. In consequence of this closeness of building and living in Europe, the cities are not as large in extent as ours. The city of Berlin, with three times the population of Baltimore, does not cover half as much ground; and the difference, when compared with our Western cities, is still greater. It is no difficult task to go from one part of a city to another, as with us; but you are every-where convenient to every other point. Omnibuses and street-cars are, accordingly, almost unknown, and but little used where they are known, because there is no occasion for them. In other words, European cities are much more convenient than ours, both for intercourse and traffic, saving an immense cost of hack and cart hire, and delay, which we are subjected to by long distances. In Europe, almost every body lives near his business, often in the same house, there being no residence-quarter as distinguished from the business-quarter; but every house is at the same time in part a business, and in part a residence, block, the first floor being generally used for business.

Owing to the great scarcity of land and its products, consequent on this long drain and consumption by an over-crowded population, there is in Europe a forced and almost painful economy. Instead of the reckless extravagance which characterizes every department of American life, there is the most sparing use of materials, and saving of any thing like waste.

Every thing is used up close, the gleanings and sweepings supporting a large class of the people. When an ox or pig is slaughtered, they not only put it to the use we do, but fairly eat it over again, in the hoofs and skins and entrails and tail and blood, which make as much as another hog with us. Besides eating every kind of animal we eat, they devour, unceremoniously, horses, asses, mules, goats, and other "unclean beasts," and often serve up for strangers and travelers cats, dogs, and rats, as a delicacy. There is no kind of bird, from a buzzard to a bat, that is not now and then disguised as woodcock or pigeon, for some fastidious epicure. We observed, in a Florentine market, hucksters frying blood for pancakes, and kid's heads in batter. At Rome, cuttle-fish and sea reptiles of several varieties are eaten; and snails and muscles are eaten every-where where they are found in Europe. Sheep's, mare's, and ass's milk are largely used, especially in Italy, and cheese and butter are made from them. Stems and leaves of cabbage, turnips, and beets, are eaten; and many sorts of weeds and grasses are cooked as vegetables, or eaten raw as salads. Withered and rotten vegetables and fruits, as also decayed meats and offal, are also eaten, the people running a race, as it were, with corruption, and against the giving out of their products.

There is the same economy in the use of fuel, light, and raiment. The Europeans have almost no fires. Americans who spend the Winter in Europe must shiver their way through. The rooms and halls of the houses are cold and bleak; the churches are not heated at all, except in the extreme north, and then only imperfectly. Nowhere is there more than enough heat to "take the chill off." In the lecture-rooms of the universities you can not sit still and be comfortable, and the shops are chilly and disagreeable from cold. The Germans have not iron stoves as we have, but build, in every room intended to be heated, a high column of white glazed bricks, in which they burn a few small sticks of wood,—

about as much as is required by us to kindle a fire,—after which the draught is closed, and the heat retained in the warm bricks through a whole day, thus requiring about three cents' worth of fuel a day for heating a room. In England and Ireland, where there are many open fires, it is not proposed to heat the room, but only a small space about the hearth, around which the shivers gather closely. In Italy, the stove or warming apparatus is not intended to heat even the whole person, but only his hands or feet; being, generally, a little earthen vessel with coals, which one carries around like a lady's work-basket, and blows when he wants to warm his hands or his nose. In the railroad cars they have generally a long cylinder of zinc filled with hot water, on which the passengers rest their feet, and which is changed every few stations. Sometimes hot bricks are used for the same purpose. But we do not recollect ever having seen stoves in any cars in Europe, or any other kind of effective heating apparatus. In Holland, every body takes his own stove with him to Church, or has a servant walk after him carrying it; it being only a pan of coals, or boiler of hot water. Gas coke is every-where used for fuel, and much bog and peat are dug for the same purpose; as also vegetable deposits that have hardly yet even passed into the bog state. They also make compounds of coal-dust and sawdust, and in various other ways use up the waste. On the whole, the people use little fuel, and that of all sorts of inferior kinds; keeping themselves warm by huddling up close together, and by wearing thick, heavy clothing and skins, as well as by sleeping under feathers and great weights of bedding at night.

With regard to clothing, there is like economy. All sorts of wool, cotton, and hemp, etc., even to the waste that we discard, is worked up into shoddy fabrics for the less fastidious. The cast-off clothing of the rich is taken by the respectable poor, and, when thrown off by them, is taken by a still lower class, until, finally, the beggars wear the rags.

Clothes are repaired and patched until hardly any thing of the original garment remains, the art of mending having been carried to such perfection that the renovated article can not be distinguished from a new one. A Parisian shoemaker will patch your boots in such a way that you can hardly see the seam with a microscope. To save washing and linen, the people largely wear not only paper collars and cuffs, which they turn and clean, for a month, but also linen and paper shams, so that a clean bosom is no sign of a clean shirt.

Even the most elegantly dressed persons are far less extravagant than with us, the toilet of a Parisian lady being far less expensive than that of a New York or Boston belle. The Europeans, and especially the French, make all their superior show by the taste with which they arrange their dress, and not by the materials. Be it said, to the shame of our richly dressed ladies, that the more elegant French ladies, who fascinate every body with their appearance, are very simple in their dress. They cut up and work over their old garments, making them into new forms and styles as often as occasion requires, and generally without any great expense. To get a new dress is almost an epoch in a Paris woman's life. There is the same economy in the use of household furniture, curtains, bedding, etc. Carpets are not used on the Continent, or, at most, only a rug at the spot where you sit; or, as in Sweden, a strip running from one corner of the room to the opposite corner. The floors are generally painted, and sometimes are of wood mosaic, and occasionally of marble or stone. In the coast countries they are often sprinkled with a clean white sand, which is easily removed. The stables are bedded with leaves, weeds, and sawdust; straw being too precious, and being generally fed as hay. They smoke pipes instead of cigars, or else cigars made partly of oak and cabbage leaves, these ingredients being worked up for smoking tobacco. In short, every thing that can be used in Europe is

worked up into something, either for home consumption or for commerce, including all kinds of carving wood, stems, glass remains, and manageable earths and stones, so that the equipments of man and horse, of house and of barn, and the material of labor, cost almost nothing. There is the same economy in the use of forces. Horses are kept entire to preserve their greater strength. Oxen are used more extensively than with us, no bull being allowed to run loose with his superfluous strength. Cows may be seen drawing plows and wagons. Dogs are of common use in North Germany for light draught. All the milk and fruit wagons of Berlin and Bremen are pulled by these animals, being much cheaper both to buy and to feed than horses. Reindeer are used in Norway and the extreme north. We have seen sheep and goats pulling light teams in the south. We once saw a woman and a

jackass pulling a plow; the woman knitting at the time, her husband walking after, holding the plow and smoking his pipe. In Holland we saw a woman pulling a canal-boat; and a story is told of an Irishman traveling in Holland, who, wishing to work for his fare on a canal-boat, was put to pulling the boat. A steam-engine in a European city often distributes its power over great distances by having straps run in tubes underground to various factories and work-rooms scattered through the city. In short, the most is made of every thing, and no more of any thing is consumed than is actually needed.

So much for the economic and industrial life of the Europeans, as growing out of the scarcity of land and its products. We shall speak next of the more distinctly social life of the Europeans, and first of their heterogeneity, as elaborated by age. AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

MOSAIC AND ANTIQUE ART.

THE word Mosaic is said to be derived from the Latin *musivus*. By the French, it has been called, indifferently, mosaic and musaic. The ancient Romans were accustomed to erect pavilions, or Summer-houses, in their gardens, where they placed the interesting or curious objects they happened to collect. These pavilions were dedicated to the Muses, and were generally decorated with tessellated pavements and panels. Hence, from the same source, our museum and mosaic.

The great value of mosaic consists in its *indestructibility*. The most carefully prepared pigments fade; fresco is affected by damp, and easily injured by accidents. The finest works of Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and other great masters, are gradually becoming effaced or clouded in obscurity. A few more generations,

and copies more or less imperfect, engravings and photographs, will be all that remain to verify the tradition of glories that have been; the glow of color and richness of tone, even now deepening into hues too somber, will be things of the past.

An eminent writer in the *Argosy* observes: "Mosaic is, as far as human work can go, permanent. Not being merely superficial, the surface may be injured with impunity. Ground down and repolished, the picture reappears in its pristine beauty, all its colors fresh and pure as when first it left the *atelier* of the artist. Had the ancients given as much attention to perfecting the art of working in mosaic as they did to the kindred arts, what invaluable records would have remained to us! The works of Apelles and Zeuxis, had they been imitated in

paste, would have become imperishable possessions, and the state of painting in the palmy days of Greece have been no longer a matter of speculation."

It seems that, amongst the ancients, mosaic was applied merely to decorative purposes; and in Greece, as far as known, its use was restricted to those pavements called "Lithostrata." Pliny mentions an artist of the name of Sosas, who attained to the greatest excellence in this kind of work. He laid down a pavement at Pergamus, known as the "Asarotus æcus,"—"the house that has no sweeping,"—where the remnants of a banquet were represented lying on the floor so naturally that they had all the appearance of having been left there by accident. There was also a dove imitated in the act of drinking, with the shadow of its head thrown upon the water, and other birds pluming and sunning themselves on the margin of a bowl. This pavement was considered a marvel in the art of mosaic at that day.

Mosaic work was introduced into Rome in the time of Sulla. According to the author before quoted from, a pavement in *tessera* was laid down, under his (Sulla's) direction, in the Temple of Fortune, at Præneste. Roman mosaic work was constructed in four different styles,—the *opus vermiculatum*, the *opus sectile*, the *opus tessellatum*, and the *opus musivum*. The first three are only suited to pavements, or decorative panels or borders, being merely a regular arrangement of small stones, or *tessera*, in geometrical or other figures. The *opus musivum* was the pictorial mosaic, in which natural objects were represented and paintings copied.

Pliny observes that, in his time, mosaics had "left the ground for the arched roofs of houses. These more elaborate mosaics were composed of glass; work in this material was then a new invention. The Egyptians of Alexandria were especially skillful in glass work, and in a peculiar kind of small mosaic, a fine specimen of which is said to be amongst the gems in the British Museum. It represents a winged goddess kneeling,

on a ground of blue. The effect is that of an exquisitely painted miniature, and if the back of this little slab had been polished, as well as the face, it might perhaps never have been recognized as mosaic. The manner in which the Egyptians produced these miniature mosaics is very curious. King thus plainly describes the interesting process: "A number of fine, carefully selected glass rods, of the colors required, were arranged together in a bundle, in such a way that their ends represented the outline and shades of the object to be depicted, as a bird or a beautiful flower, exactly as is practiced at present in the manufacture of the famous and delicate Tunbridge ware. This bundle was next inclosed, with extreme care, in a coating of glass of a single color, usually an *opaque blue*; then the whole mass, being fused together sufficiently to unite all the rods into one compact body, was drawn out to the proper diameter. Thus the rods all became equally attenuated, without losing their relative positions, and the surrounding case of glass, when the whole mass was cut through at certain intervals, formed the ground of a *miniature mosaic*, apparently composed of the minutest *tessera*, put together with inconceivable dexterity and niceness of touch."

It is quite needless to dwell upon the oft-repeated tale of the decline and renaissance of art; of course mosaic shared the fate of painting and sculpture, and revived with them; though, as was natural, it followed rather than preceded the revival of painting. The church of San Marco, a stately edifice, and landmark of Venice, is a perfect museum of mosaics, where its history and progress may be traced from the earliest time downward. There it may be seen in every stage of progress, from the curiously stiff drawing and quaint conceits of the Greek artists from Byzantium, to the expressive and elegant works of the famed Zuccati.

We learn that, in 1225, the works of the Greek artists, at first so much prized, were already surpassed by the Tuscan Fra Jocolo, or Fra Nino da Turrita,

belonging to the order of Minor friars. He was considered in his day the best living mosaist, and executed works, both in Florence and Rome, that attracted much attention. At this date there was already a school of mosaists at Rome in 'successful operation, in which the persevering family of Cosmati acquired their excellence.

Lorenzo de Medici was a great admirer of mosaic,—as of all other forms of art,—and wished to introduce it into more general use. In a conversation with a Florentine painter of the name of Graffione, Lorenzo mentioned his intention of having a large cupola ornamented with mosaic. The painter replied that he did not think there were artists equal to the task.

"We have money enough to make them," replied Lorenzo, quickly.

Graffione still doubted; but his patron, much to his honor, persevered, and intrusted the proposed work to the miniature-painter, Gherardo, whose indomitable energy was proverbial, and who lost no time in producing a specimen, choosing, for his subject, a head of San Zenobio. This delighted Lorenzo so much that he immediately determined to have the chapel of San Zenobio, at Florence, considerably enlarged, and finely decorated with mosaics by the faithful Gherardo. He associated with him, however, Dominico Ghirlandajo, who had great inventive genius; and thus the work proceeded most satisfactorily.

A popular antiquarian informs us, that the next to interest himself deeply in the subject of mosaic was no less a personage than the distinguished Titian, who furnished carefully prepared designs for the skillful mosaic-workers who were then uprising throughout Italy. It is partly, no doubt, if not principally, to the guidance and encouragement of this great man that we owe the fine works left by Vincenzio Bianchini, and Francesco and Vaerio Zuccati, sons of Titian's first master. The "Judgment of Solomon," in the portico of San Marco, is one of the noblest, most enduring specimens of the mosaic of this period. It is so "extremely

beautiful," says Vasari, "that it could scarcely be executed more delicately with the pencil and colors."

Since that time, mosaic has been brought more and more into use. It is at present divided into two kinds,—the Florentine and the Roman. The Florentine work is in real stone. At first, only black, white, and gray were used, the figures being thus represented in simple *chiaro-oscuro*. But about the year 1563, in the time of Duke Cosmo de Medici, many veins of rich marble were discovered near Florence.

This important and valuable discovery gave a new and strong impetus to the workers in mosaic, who were, by means of these marbles, enabled to imitate the colors as well as the forms of the objects they wished to represent. To these were added lapis lazuli, agates, and even precious stones. When the latter are used, they are sawed into thin *lamine*, and applied much like veneer.

A scientific work tells us how the execution of this description of mosaic is performed. First, a slab of marble of the requisite size is prepared for the ground; on this the design is traced; then small cavities are chiseled out, and into these, pieces of the requisite color are introduced; they are fastened into their places by cement or mastic. The French have also adopted this plan. Though very beautiful and durable decorative works may be produced in the Florentine mosaic, it is not so suitable for the imitation of paintings as the Roman. The natural stones are neither sufficiently various nor sufficiently delicate in tint.

The Roman mosaic is executed in colored glass, of which no less than ten thousand different tints are required, and daintily produced. The color is added when the glass is in a state of fusion; when thoroughly mixed, the liquid is taken out with a large wooden-handled iron ladle, and poured upon a slab of smooth, flat marble. As it cools, it is flattened by the application of another piece of marble, until the mass is an inch or more in thickness. Before the glass

cools sufficiently to become hard, it is cut into pieces of the required size and shape by a sharp iron tool; when quite cold, the pieces are placed in a box, each tint having a separate compartment.

Gold and silver are frequently introduced into mosaic. These are prepared as follows: Pieces of yellow glass are moistened with gum-water, and to these gold or silver leaf is applied. The gilded glass is then placed upon an iron shovel at the entrance of the furnace; when it becomes red, it is withdrawn. This process renders the gilding so secure that it is as permanent as the *glass itself*, and resists any atmospheric influence to which it may be exposed.

A strong frame is next prepared of the size of the painting about to be imitated. On this is laid a cement, composed of a mixture of chalk, brick-dust, gum adragant, and white of egg. This forms the ground for design. The same kind of cement is used to fasten the glass cubes in their places. These are arranged with small iron pincers, and beaten down into their places with a wooden ruler or mallet. The surface is thus rendered flat, and is afterward carefully polished in the same manner as plate-glass.

For the small pictorial mosaics, the modern Roman process more nearly approaches that of ancient Alexandria. Small colored rods are prepared from a kind of easily fusible glass or enamel. These are softened by the aid of a lamp, and then drawn out into a thread. This is broken off into the lengths required by the thickness of the intended picture. The ground consists of a sheet of copper, overlaid by cement, into which the glass threads are fixed. After the surface is ground and polished, the interstices are filled with wax of a color corresponding to the glass. Some very interesting specimens of modern Roman mosaic, together with samples of the material, have been placed in the Geological Museum, London, which building is located, I believe, in Jermyn Street.

Mosaic copies of the large pictures that are now being made for St. Peter's, at

Rome, have occupied from twelve to twenty years; and few even of the smaller copies can be produced in less than five or six. It is by no means such mechanical work as might at first be supposed. A complete knowledge of art is required, as well as systematic taste and great judgment.

Amongst the modern mosaists of Rome, a lady—the Signora Isabella Barberi—is celebrated for her talent, both in design and execution. Her father, Signor Barberi, who was ardently attached to his work, fell into bad health, when she undertook the direction of his studio, or, rather, that portion which could be done by inferior hands, and soon became such an adept that she needed no watchful superintendent, even to the execution of the most delicate and intricate mosaic work. The Cavaliere Luigi Noglia is also an eminent mosaist. His copy of the *Madonna della Seggiola*, purchased by the Emperor of the French, not long before his disastrous defeat in the German war, is said to be one of the finest modern specimens of the art.

On account of the enormous time and expense required to produce a mosaic picture of any size, the work can never be undertaken with a view to profitable speculation. Such works can only be the result of government patronage, or that of wealthy individuals.

It was not till about the year 1839 that attention was directed toward the manufacture of mosaic work in England. "The invention of Mr. Prosser," says a foreign publication, "who contrived a plan of preparing clay so as to form a perfectly uniform and hard substance, first led to it, though his invention was at the time only applied to the manufacture of buttons. Mr. Minton took it up, and turned Mr. Prosser's plan to more valuable use, by manufacturing encaustic tiles. It was further carried out by Mr. Maw, assisted by Mr. Digby Wyatt; and these combined labors have resulted in the beautiful tessellated pavements now coming into such general use in England and abroad."

Pictorial mosaic is of still later introduction into England, or, rather, Great Britain, though so well adapted to resist the dampness of the climate. The great expense of this kind of work, however, almost precludes its use, except in public buildings. Mr. Penrose calculated that it would cost £50,000 to decorate St. Paul's with mosaics, according to the original design of Sir Christopher Wren. We learn that these decorations have since been begun, and give promise that they can be successfully carried out by skilled workmen. "It has been thought advisable," says the *Argosy*, "to avoid a double experiment at first; the materials have, consequently, been procured from the celebrated manufactory of Salviati, at Murano. The mausoleum, at Windsor, is ornamented in a like manner with what may be called the Venetian mosaic. When it was found that the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament were beginning to be affected by damp, it was resolved to carry on the decorations in the more durable material. One space—that over the door of the passage leading to the House of Lords—was filled in with a mosaic picture, representing St. George, in 1871. The height at which it is placed, and the deficiency of light, forbid the examination of workmanship, but the clearness and richness of tone, as compared with fresco, is obvious."

Mosaic work in *pictra dura*, or natural stone, has of late been practiced in England, but it is, of course, subject to the same limitations as the Florentine work; and it is therefore hoped that a school of mosaic will be successfully established in England, and that specimens of this beautiful art will form one of the chief attractions of art exhibitions.

On the subject of antique art, what will better illustrate the immortality of creative genius than the famous Portland and Warwick vases? The Portland vase is thought by antiquarians to be several centuries older than the Christian era. It is supposed that it was found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. It was for a long time in the possession of the Bar-

berini family, from whom it was purchased by Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the Duke of Portland, for one thousand guineas. It is ten inches in height; its broadest diameter is six inches. It is of a deep blue color, which appears black, except when held against the light, and is ornamented with a variety of figures in bas-relief of white opaque glass. The Duke of Portland deposited the vase in the British Museum, in 1810. There it had a conspicuous place till, some years ago, a man supposed to be insane hurled it to the floor, and it was dashed to pieces. By great painstaking, and skillful use of cement, it was restored to its former beauty. Now, if any one wishes to see it, an attendant will first show him to an outer door, where a ticket will be given him, admitting him to an inner room, where this precious vase is carefully guarded.

Sir Joshua Wedgwood, the inventor of the well-known kind of pottery which bears his name, has modeled after this vase many vases which have all the beauty of the original, save that of antiquity.

The Warwick vase differs from the Portland vase as a giant differs from a dwarf. It was found at Zibola,—1774,—amid the ruins of the magnificent villa of the Emperor Adrian. A well-known writer, "A. W.," tells us, in a Boston publication, that this vase is now in the possession of the Earl of Warwick, and stands on a high pedestal in one of the beautiful greenhouses of that most perfect of all baronial residences, Warwick Castle. It is of white marble, ornamented with exquisite carving of flowers, grapes, and other fruit. It is said to hold one hundred and thirty-six gallons, and is used on festive occasions. The last occasion on which it was used was at the *fête* given in honor of the "coming of age" of the present Earl of Warwick.

The Henri Deux ware, so elegant and costly, has been such a puzzle to antiquarians that no fewer than thirteen different works have been written about it. Moncure D. Conway, in a very able

paper, says: "One may learn what changes have occurred in the prices of such wares (pottery) by finding Sevres vases, for instance, marked at £100 or £200, of a like character with those six for which Lord Dudley recently paid £17,500. These are articles which, when collected, incited the first cabinet minister who inspected them to ask, 'What's the use of all this trash?' There is a single candlestick now worth more than all the 'trash' in that noble lord's mansion. It is a specimen of that famous 'Henri Deux ware,' of which only fifty-five pieces exist, so far as known. After great research, it was finally ascertained by M. Riocreux, of the Imperial Ceramic Museum, at Sevres, that this pottery was made at Oiron, in France; that two artists made it, in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, for Henry II and his queen, whose initials or monograms are on several of the pieces; and the artists were François Cherpentier and Jean Bernard Cherpentier. The chief maker had been an architect, and, when he set about working in earthenware, he was fond of molding it in little monumental shapes, and filling in the hollows with different colors. The candlestick has a pale yellow ground, with arabesques, etc., in reddish brown. The base is circular, with projecting brackets, on which stand three boys holding shields, inscribed with the arms and cipher of Henri Deux. Above are three terminal figures of satyrs. This work—which, it is hoped, will some day be called by the artist's name instead of the king's—is less than a foot high; it cost seven hundred and fifty pounds, and is one of the cheapest purchases ever made."

The same author, in a contribution to *Harper's*, further says, of this extraordinary antique collection: "Seven of the fifty-five specimens of this ware are in the collection of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, three in that of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, while the Louvre has the same number as the South Ken-

sington Museum, five. Three very beautiful specimens (candlestick, ewer, and large salt-cellar) were found, some years ago, very carefully wrapped in a blanket, placed in a wicker clothes-basket, under a bed in a garret of Narford Hall. The pieces were, no doubt, collected by Sir Andrew Fountaine, in France, in the last century; and, put away, perhaps, by some provident housekeeper, now turn up as a more valuable bequest to the old connoisseur's descendants than he could have imagined, but which is rightly appreciated by the present owner of the pieces, Mr. A. Fountaine. The other specimens of this Henri Deux ware at the Kensington Gallery are two *tazzas*, a plateau, and a wonderful salt-cellar."

Not long since, when her Majesty Queen Victoria was in London, on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland, two very remarkable works of antique art, which her Majesty had expressed a desire to inspect, were placed in Stafford House. One of these works was the famous picture of the Virgin and the Child, painted by St. Luke; and the other a remarkable piece of early Christian sculpture—a head of Christ—discovered some years since in the Catacombs at Rome. Her Majesty examined these precious relics with much attention, and was pleased to express to their owner, Colonel Szerelmey, the great pleasure she had derived from their inspection. Both these works are, according to the testimony of connoisseurs, highly interesting alike to the art student and to Christians. They have been for several years in the possession of their present owner, but have been seen only by a limited number of his friends, and polished connoisseurs in art. The London *Observer*, commenting upon these specimens of antique art, says: "It is to be regretted that works of so much interest should be permitted to lie buried in the vaults of a bank for safe-keeping, instead of obtaining the wide celebrity which they deserve."

But we have already reached the limits assigned for a magazine article.

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

POLLY'S PLUNDER.

SHE had been christened Paula, but Polly was all that every-day usage left for the name. Usually, she cared very little about the matter. Polly suited her well enough when she was perched in the cherry-tree, wading in the brook, or racing with Dick through the meadow grass to see which should first catch and mount one of the horses in the pasture. But this was one of Polly's "blue days," when her world revealed its sawdustiness with painful distinctness. The warm sun shone through the vines of the old porch, where she sat shelling peas, only shelling peas, while other girls rode by in carriages and had beautiful times. She had discovered that she detested shelling peas, that her hands were brown instead of white, that her hair would n't curl, and her nose would turn up,—that last was a chronic tribulation; and then there was her name!

"Polly," said Dick, pushing his shaggy head through the open kitchen window, "you look as forlorn as if your young affections had all been nipped in the bud."

"I don't see why I should look any other way," said Polly shortly.

"Neither do I," acquiesced Dick with cheerful alacrity. "What's the matter now?"

"Nothing new," affirmed Polly, disconsolately. "Every thing is just as it always has been, and always will be, I suppose,—coarse and common. I can't make wax-flowers or talk French; I can't even learn to play on the piano, though I do so love music, and I'm growing old—"

"Dreadful old," interposed Dick. "Fourteen is such a miserable betwixt and between age too,—not old enough to be a pretty big girl, and too old to be a pretty little girl,—sort of leaves a body nowhere, swinging between things, like the man that fell out of the apple-tree and could n't get to the ground because his

coat caught fast on a lower limb. Then there's your nose too; it just goes looking up exactly like a bantam chicken hunting a place to roost."

"I know it," responded Polly with discouraging meekness. "I'm brown and ugly; I can't have any thing, and I never shall be any body in the wide world only Polly Bowen."

"A beauteous face is vanity,"

sang Hepsibah's high, nasal voice in the kitchen.

"Hear that now?" questioned Dick slyly.

"How do you suppose that she found that out? Could n't possibly have been by experience." But Polly was too deep in the valley to smile, and, after watching her face in vain for any gleam of fun, he continued, meditatively, "I'll tell you what, Polly; if you have n't much chance for any thing respectable, you know, you might join a circus, and have your name printed Mam'selle Paulina Bowena; for the way you can mount a horse is something stupendous."

That was too much. Polly's nose took a still higher elevation; she flung the last of the peas where the pods belonged, and faced about hotly!

"You just tease, tease, all the time, Dick Bowen! I do n't believe the boys ever feel any way about any thing; they'd just as lief be good-for-nothing as not,—and most of them are. Besides, I wish you'd stop talking to me."

"Whew! Now, if that is n't just a fellow's luck when he is trying to be consoling," muttered Dick.

Polly caught up her bonnet and hurried away through the yard, and along the narrow, winding path down the hill-side.

"Nor let your angry passions rise,"

sounded after her in Hepsibah's shrillest, and most exasperating tone; for Hepsibah seemed to consider it her mission to sing fitting morals to all the family proceedings.

Polly only put her small, brown hands ungraciously over her ears and ran away the faster, down where the great trees grew thick and close, throwing deep shade down to the bottom of the hill, where the old stone spring-house stood, gray and mossy, beside the clear, cold stream.

She never paused until she had unlocked the door and entered the building, for, unromantic though it might be, this was Polly's favorite retreat, and the little wooden bench she had placed there had been her sanctuary in many a troublous time. She seated herself upon it now, and brushed away the angry tears from her eyes, and presently some quieter, softer ones gathered slowly in their place. Dick need n't have made fun of it, she was unhappy, she said to herself. She was tired of the heat and the work and the every day; she wanted some beautiful things in her life. And she leaned her head back against the wall, and pitied herself so profoundly that gradually she grew comforted. It was cool and quiet there, and the water murmured dreamily. Polly closed her eyes and imagined herself in a great, cool parlor, such as she meant to have some day. There were lovely pictures and statues around her, when she choose to look up and see them, and the rippling of the stream was the sound of a fountain. She would arouse herself presently, sweep in her silken robe across the great room, to play on her grand piano, that coveted piano! Polly could n't forbear opening her eyes just then, and drumming an anticipatory tune on the wooden lid of one of the milk-jars near her.

There was rustling in the grass, a crunching sound on the pebbly shore of the brook. Was that teasing Dick coming after her? He should n't laugh at finding her there alone,—“retired to her cloister,” as he called it,—and see that she had been crying too! She sprang to the door, closed and locked it, swiftly but noiselessly, and listened. Nearer came the sound,—footsteps surely, but scarcely like Dick's rapid tread; and what

possessed the boy that he was not whistling? Polly mounted her bench and peered through a tiny hole in the door, to see what had come over the intruder, and discovered not one, but two,—an old gray-headed man, leaning heavily upon a crutch, and a woman carrying a basket and a bundle.

They seated themselves in the shade, directly in front of the spring-house door, and began to talk in coarse, guttural tones, of which Polly could not understand one word. Presently came a sound that she could comprehend,—the cry of a baby; and then she saw that it was an animated bundle which the woman held. The strangers were not prepossessing in appearance. Their unintelligible words sounded rude and harsh, as if the conversation were an unpleasant one; and the young watcher fancied the woman did not seem very tender or kind to the baby. She began to wonder how long they would stay, and so keep her a prisoner. After all, they might be only poor travelers; she had half a mind to open the door, offer them some milk to drink, and go on her way back to the house.

But just then Polly's spying eyes grew suddenly very round, for the old man flung away his crutch, with some muttered sentence, pulled off his gray hair and venerable beard, and walked down to the brook for a drink, neither aged nor infirm, but young, and decidedly villainous looking.

“O my!” murmured Polly, slipping softly down from her post of observation, and not daring even to watch any more. It seemed a long time that she sat there and waited, hearing snatches of that miserable jargon outside. But by and by the baby's low, fretful cry died into silence, and, at last, the other voices ceased also. There was a slight bustle and moving about, as if they were preparing to depart, and then the sound of retreating footsteps. Polly bent her head and listened eagerly, to be sure that they were really going; then she ventured to peep from her outlook in the door, but they had passed out of sight. She waited a

few moments, then cautiously unlocked the door.

"Why, they have left their basket! forgotten it, I guess," she soliloquized as that object greeted her view. A mischievous wish that the man might have left his false hair and beard in it flashed through her mind. "If he only has, he shall not get them again," she murmured, and lifting the basket she carried it inside the building. It seemed heavy enough to hold a good many things. Polly raised the lid curiously, and then sank down beside it in astonishment, for nestled within lay the baby, fast asleep. What a place to put it! And had they really intended to leave it?

She had no opportunity to ponder the question or pursue her investigations; there was a sound of returning steps, and she had barely time to close the door and lock it, before the two foreigners came again to their old resting-place.

Poor Polly leaned against the damp wall trembling in terror and perplexity. She had unwittingly stolen the baby, and she dared not return it; for what might not that evil-looking man do, if he discovered her there, and found that she had been a witness to his proceedings? She wished, for the first time in her life, that her favorite nook were near the house, so that some one could hear if she called; she wished Dick would come. What if that dreadful pair should stay there for hours? What if the baby should wake up and cry? She shuddered, and her heart beat so loudly that she fancied it must be heard through the stone walls.

Outside, there was a hurried search, ejaculations of surprise, and mutterings of wrath. The two accused each other angrily; Polly was sure of so much from the tones. Twice they came to the door, tried it, and shook it violently; but it was firm. The baby slept quietly, and Polly held her very breath in death-like silence, so they turned away again. Then they held a brief consultation over what must have seemed to them a most mysterious disappearance, since they had seen no living creature near the place; and con-

cluded it by gathering up the few articles of baggage that remained to them, and departing at a much greater speed than they had done before.

They would certainly return, Polly thought, and she listened and waited. But the wind in the trees and the murmur of the brook were all the sounds that reached her after that; and, at last, she slowly turned the key and emerged from her imprisonment. The little waif still slumbered peacefully in its basket-bed, and Polly looked down upon it with anxiety and remorse in her brown eyes. It seemed hard to leave such a tender little creature there alone, but she must not again take it beyond reach of those to whom it belonged. The open wicker-work cover would admit the air freely, so she fastened it down and bore the basket to a cluster of drooping bushes, where it would escape observation from a casual passer, but would probably be speedily found by any one searching for it. Then she hastened homeward.

"Come back to the vain world once more?" questioned Dick, mischievously.

"Yes," said Polly, briefly. She was tired, excited, and bewildered, and felt in no wise inclined to recount her adventure. How could she tell sensible Uncle William and solemn Hepsibah that she had been crying in the spring-house, because her nose did n't suit her, and she had n't a piano? And what had possessed her to touch the basket? She hoped its owners would find it, and nobody would ever hear any thing about the affair, she said to herself, over and over again, that long day, glancing out nervously through the open doors and windows, and expecting she scarce knew what. She tried to reassure herself as the hours passed; but she was troubled and ill at ease.

"Must be some queer sort of bird, or something, down there by the spring," remarked Dick, late in the afternoon, as he brought up a pitcher of milk for Hepsibah. "It sounded exactly like a child crying. I heard it two or three times, but I could n't see any thing."

Then Polly's trouble began afresh. It was her baby, she was certain of it. Those people had gone away and left it entirely; and, O, what should she do! Dread of going near the spot battled fiercely with her remorseful compassion for the little one left so long without food or care; but the latter conquered; and, near sunset, having surreptitiously warmed a little milk on the kitchen stove, Polly slipped away. Sweet blue eyes looked up at her, and baby put up a grieving lip, and drew a little sobbing breath as it was lifted from its hard bed. Polly drew it into her arms, kissed the tiny rose-leaf of a hand, and nestled the little soft cheek to her own with an instinctive motherliness that baby understood and appreciated at once. It appreciated the supper too; and Polly grew more and more in love with her stolen treasure, the longer she lingered with it.

But her perplexity increased with her tenderness. "If I take it home, I'll have to tell all about it, of course; and I can't do that," she reasoned. "Besides, if they find what sort of people it belonged to, they'll just send it to the poor-house,—I know they will."

Polly had exaggerated ideas of the horrors of that asylum, and to have this little one sent there, when she was the cause of its unprotected condition, was more than she could bear. But something must be done with it, and she held it in her arms, swaying softly to and fro, and trying to discover some way out of the difficulty. Presently the lids drooped over the blue eyes, and baby went unconcernedly to sleep, leaving its young nurse to settle the question of its future as best she might. If only some one else had it,—some one who would know what to do, and who would be kind to it! Then a brilliant thought flashed through Polly's brain. She would take it to the minister's; every body knew the minister, and if those people ever came to look for it, they would be sure to hear of it there. It would be well cared for, and nobody would ever need know that she had any thing to do with it.

She drew a long breath of relief, and laid the little sleeper down upon the grass while she proceeded to examine the basket, to see if any thing could be removed that would make it lighter for so long a pilgrimage. Under the small quilt, that had served for a bed, were an old wallet and a handsome ebony case. The first held only papers, no money; and the case was locked, so that Polly could not learn its contents. But as it was considerably heavy, she took it with the wallet, and, running down the hill a little way, deposited them in a hollow stump. She replaced quilt and baby in the basket, then bore it as near to the house as she deemed safe, and waited impatiently for the sun to set and the moon to rise.

A strange, lonely walk it was that the little maiden took that night. Arms and heart bore a heavy burden; but she pressed resolutely forward until her destination was reached. She reconnoitered the premises carefully, then, advancing to the steps, placed the basket where it would be in full view, rang the bell vigorously, and ran away with a flying speed that even her light feet had never attained before. She reached home almost breathless, but she had scarcely been missed. Hepsibah remarked, disapprovingly, that it "was n't wholesome to be a walkin' around the garden in the moonshine;" that was all, and Polly answered nothing, but slipped away to bed.

Broken slumber and odd dreams were hers that night; and when Dick returned from an errand in the village the next morning, she saw at a glance that his eyes were full of news, and, bending her head low over her sewing, that her face might not betray her, she waited for the story that was sure to come. A baby had been left on the minister's door-step, Dick announced, a real live baby; and no one had the least idea in the world where it came from, though they were trying every way to find out who brought it. Hepsibah exclaimed and questioned with her wonted solemnity, but Dick concluded, indignantly:

"I say it was just a shame for any body to leave it there, when the minister has so many babies of his own, and not salary enough to go half-way round before this one came."

Polly had not thought of that before. It seemed to her that she had n't thought of anything, through the whole miserable transaction, until it was too late, and that every step had been the very worst one she could have taken. And now the affair had become so complicated that she must let it take its course. "O, I can't tell! I never will!" she whispered to herself, over and over again, while her heart was wrung with visions of the direful privations the minister's family might suffer. She grew to feel like a wretched criminal as the days went by and no claimant came for the little foundling. The talk and wonder died away in the village, but the secret pressed more and more heavily upon Polly's soul. It darkened all her waking hours, and haunted her sleep, until she "did n't eat nothin', and was just spindlin' away," Hepsibah affirmed.

More than once Polly had searched through the papers of the old wallet, hoping to find some information concerning the young stranger; but they were only notes and memoranda,—nothing that she could understand. Then her thoughts turned to the ebony case; she had lifted it, shaken it, and tried many times to open it, and her curiosity grew with her baffled efforts. Baby's whole history might be in it, or it might hold precious jewels that would relieve the poor minister, and make baby grand and happy for always. She must know its contents, she decided at last, and visited the old hollow stump, one day, provided with the three or four small keys the house afforded, and a hatchet to be used in case these failed.

Fortunately, one of the keys proved available, and revealed an interior of velvet, on which reposed various highly polished little knives, lancets, and other instruments of steel. Polly gazed upon them in amazement.

"Well, I did n't suppose they fixed them up like that," she said.

Too deeply engrossed she was to hear a step upon the hill-side, or notice the form that approached, until a voice startled her.

"Can you give me a drink, little maiden? Hello!"

The young man came to an abrupt halt, and gazed upon the case with more surprise than Polly had shown. His pleasant voice changed suddenly.

"How came you by that?"

Polly closed her lips resolutely, and answered not a word.

"I have a right to ask, since it happens to be my property," continued the stranger.

"I would n't own it then,—a set of burglar's tools like that!" burst forth Polly, defiantly.

"Not so much tools for breaking in houses as for mending broken bones, little lady," said the gentleman, smiling, but growing instantly grave again. "The charge of burglary would come with better grace from me, for that case was stolen, months ago, many miles from here. If you will tell exactly how it came in your possession, it will help me to trace something far more valuable, that was stolen at the same time."

"A wallet? a baby?" questioned Polly, her lips parting breathlessly. Then reading an answer in the face where astonishment, hope, and fear were blending, she poured forth her story, stammering, coloring, yet eagerly,—confused and ashamed, but growing wonderfully lightened and comforted as she unfolded her burden.

"And—O dear! it was all so wretched and miserable, and I did n't know what to do; but I do n't believe it was so much wicked as a dreadful blunder," she concluded, with crimson cheeks and tearful eyes.

"Blunder?" echoed the stranger. "Well, I suspect there are such things as providential blunders; and if this was one at all, it must have been of that sort; but I know a heart-broken young mother

who will call it by a different name. You have saved my sister's child."

Then he told her, briefly, how the little one had been left, for a few minutes, alone, in an open parlor of a distant city home, and, when the mother and nurse returned, it had disappeared, and the most careful search had failed to discover any clew to its whereabouts. The mother's grief was slowly destroying her life, and her brother had persuaded her to take this trip with him, in the hope that it might arouse her from her melancholy, and benefit her failing health.

How the young doctor rehearsed her story, what he told and what he did not tell, Polly never really knew. But she thought he must have managed it in some marvelous way, for the minister's family and her Uncle William did not appear at all horrified, and nobody else seemed to know much about it, only baby's mother, and she caressed and thanked her as if she had done something grand and heroic, instead of dreadful. The next day brought her a beautiful piano, with a scarcely less beautiful note from Mrs. Grey, begging Polly to accept the gift

from one to whose life she had restored both sunshine and music.

Polly was so happy in the weeks that followed, that she ceased to worry about her nose. "In fact, so many charming things were turning up that it was quite in the fashion," Dick declared. Mrs. Grey herself gave her music lessons, and was her friend and counselor in countless ways where a motherless girl needed help that Hepsibah was too ignorant to afford. Then, too, that precious baby was hers to hold and fondle as much as she chose; for the mother lingered long among the hills, and liked the place so well, that she decided to make it her Summer resort.

It is to be supposed that Polly has grown to be somebody in the four years since then. At least Dr. Lisle seems to consider her musical proficiency something wonderful, and comes to see her with great frequency and regularity.

Dick, who has arrived at an age when he is particular about his back hair, and devoted to his neck-ties, is beginning to call the medical gentleman "part of Polly's plunder."

KATE W. HAMILTON.

COINS.

ALL boys have, at a certain age, the stamp-collecting and coin-collecting fever, just as surely as they have the measles or chicken-pox. All boy readers of this article have, at times, received in change, or otherwise, old copper coins of United States coinage. Probably, most of them have immediately parted with them, thinking them rather a nuisance than objects of value or interest. We present this short article, therefore, to show them that these coins can be made a source, not only of great knowledge, but also of much profit and pleasure. Any one who owns a good collection of coins, that he has made him-

self, can tell you some historical event connected with the date of the coinage of each one of them; and the coin impresses the fact so indelibly on his mind that he retains it forever. Knowing that many boys would be induced to make a collection of coins if they only knew how, we here attempt a short history of the United States coins, and add a few facts gained from personal experience.

The first coins struck in North America were those of New England, the coinage of Massachusetts, in 1652. These were silver, and appeared first in the form of shillings and sixpences, adorned with nothing but the simple legends, "N.

E., XII;" and, "N. E., VI." These were soon followed by the pine-tree coinage. These coins were issued in large quantities, in shillings, sixpences, threepences, and twopences; there being several dies of each of these, and also differing in size and weight. For thirty years our forefathers carried on their business with this rude coinage, the mint continually issuing new coins, but never changing the date. So now the only date of the pine tree coins is 1652. The earliest copper coin ever struck in America was probably a private coinage. In the village of Granby, Connecticut, a well-to-do farmer, named Higley, taking the English coins for a pattern, made a very rough set of dies. Taking the copper from the neighboring mines, he struck, in 1737, several coins, bearing on one side the inscription, "I am good copper," and the figure of three hammers, date 1737; and on the reverse, a deer, and the legend, "Value me as you please." These coppers were very pure metal, hence soft, and soon became smooth. There are now only a few specimens of these coins, and they are all locked up in cabinets, and highly prized. They bring from thirteen to twenty-five dollars each, at auction in New York City.

Just before the Revolution, a coin, or rather token, made its appearance in Massachusetts, now known as the *No Stamp Token*, bearing on its face a bust surrounded by the words, "The Restorer of Commerce, 1766;" and on the reverse the ship *America*, with the motto, "Thanks to the Friends of Liberty and Trade." It referred to the Stamp Act, which bore such a prominent part in bringing on the Revolution. Several coins were issued at this time, probably in Massachusetts, but they were all experiments, and their history is lost. When the war broke out, and the attention of the people was called to defending their country, no coins were issued.

The war over, there was a loud and imperative cry for more coin; and this brings us to a time where the variety of coins is such that it is almost impossible

to describe all of them. We will mention the most noticeable, as that will include all that any collector will be likely to find. First comes the *Georgius Triumpho* copper. It resembles the half-penny of the English king, and was struck in England. There are a great number of these coins now in circulation, and nearly all bear the date 1787. In 1783, a very large quantity of copper coins appeared, struck in England, known as the *Nova Constellatio*. These were also issued in 1785, from a much finer die, and are quite easily obtained.

STATE COINAGE

forms a very interesting subject, and boys will be amply rewarded if they pay particular attention to the collection of these coppers. Connecticut was the most prominent of the States in the issue of coins. They bear the simple legend, *Auctori. Connec.* (by authority of Connecticut), on the obverse, around a crowned head; and, on the reverse, a seated figure, surrounded by the words, *Inde. et Lib.* (Independence and Liberty). The number and variety of the common cents are so countless that new ones are discovered nearly every day. Their dates are from 1785 to 1788. The heads face to the right or to the left, or some other equally distinguishing mark can be found. Vermont followed the example of Connecticut; her coins are nearly like those of the latter State, but she also issued a coin called the Rising Sun copper, having for a device, the sun rising over the mountains, and a legend, *Vermontensium Res-publica*; and, on the reverse, the words, *Quarta Decima Stella* (the fourteenth star).

New York did not do so much at coining as the other States, but quite a number of coins were issued, called New York coins, that were struck in England. The most common is one bearing the legend, *Nov. Eborac.*, around the head; and, on the reverse, *Virt. et Lib.*, date, 1787. One very rare coin is called the George Clinton piece, a good description of which can be found in *Harper's Mag.*

azine for March, 1860, accompanied with an illustration of the same. New Jersey coined a great many coins, specimens of which the amateur will have no trouble in finding. They bear on the obverse a plow and a horse's head, and the words, *Nova Cæsarea*, date, 1786; on the reverse, *E* *Pluribus* *Unum*, around a shield. In one instance the horse's head is turned to the left, and the latter coins are very rare. Massachusetts coined, in 1787 and 1788, a copper cent and half-cent; the latter is quite rare, but the cents are quite common of both dates. They have on the reverse the figure of an eagle and the date, with the word "Massachusetts;" on the obverse, the figure of an Indian, holding a bow and arrow, and the legend, "Commonwealth." A coin known as the Kentucky cent is a very beautiful specimen, and is highly prized by collectors. It has on the obverse a pyramid of stars, each marked with the name of its State; and as "Ky." is at the top of the pyramid, it has given its name to the cent. On the reverse, it has the words, "Unanimity is the Strength of Society."

The head of Washington has been placed on many coins, and there are two varieties of these, which we hope so to describe that our readers will not make the same mistake that the writer did, and be induced to pay a high price for a Washington token, under the belief that they are buying a Washington cent. The Washington tokens are of four kinds; the first having a large head of Washington on one side, and a seated figure with the legend, "United States," on the other. The second has a small head on both sides, with the legend, "Washington" on one side, and "One Cent" on the other. The third has the same obverse as the first, but the reverse has the legend, "One Cent," in a wreath. The fourth has a small head on the obverse, and resembles the first; and they all bear the date 1783. But the Washington cents are of 1792 and 1793, and are very scarce and highly prized. They have on one side the head of Washington, with the legends, "Washington, President," and

"George Washington;" and on the other the figure of an eagle, with "United States of America." Others have the figure of an eagle with "United States of America," and, on the reverse, the liberty-cap surrounded with stars, and the legend, "Success to the United States."

NATIONAL COINAGE.

One of the first coins issued by act of Congress was the Fugio, or Franklin cent, of 1786 and 1787. It is sometimes erroneously called the link cent by coin-dealers. This cent has a sun-dial on the obverse, with a figure of the sun shining upon it, with the legend, "Mind Your Business. *Fugio*, 1787;" on the reverse, a chain of thirteen links, to represent the thirteen States, with the legend, "United States. We are one," in the center. There is a copper that should be mentioned here, the date of whose issue I have been unable to determine, called by collectors the bar cent. It is perfectly plain on one side, with the exception of the monogram, "U. S. A.," and on the other side has thirteen parallel bars; no date. The United States mint did not get fairly into operation until 1790, and then the first United States copper cent appeared. This year, there were five varieties of coppers struck; and if any boy succeeds in attaining specimens of them all, he must consider himself very fortunate. The first that came out bore the head of Liberty, with flowing hair, with this date, 1793, and the word "Liberty;" on the reverse, the legend, "United States of America," a chain of thirteen links, and the words "One Cent." This did not give universal satisfaction, and hence the variety of the coins of this year: Another has a wreath in the place of the chain, and, on the obverse, the same head of Liberty, but generally three small leaves under the head. There are as many as twenty varieties of this die, differing chiefly in the shape and arrangement of the leaves under the head. Another has the liberty-cap on the end of a pole, thrown over the shoulder of the figure of Liberty. The reverse is

like the wreath cent, and has around the edge the words, "One hundred for a dollar."

In 1794, there was only one variety,—the liberty-cap. In 1795, the coins were a little thicker, and the same words around the edge, with a thin coin without the legend on the edge. In 1796, there were two varieties,—the liberty-cap and, later, the fillet-head. In 1808, the fillet-head appeared for the last time, and the turbaned-head, facing to the left, took its place. In 1815, the great fire at the mint prevented any coins of that date being struck. The old die of 1804 was saved, however, and a few coins were struck from it, some of which are now in circulation, and are sold by dealers as genuine 1804 coppers. They are quite easy to tell, however, for they all show the marks left on the die from the effects of the fire. In 1816, the head was again changed, and this time facing to the right. No change has been made since, until 1857, when the copper coins appear for the last time, and the small nickel cents took their place.

This finishes the description of the coins; and now we have a few hints to give to young collectors. In the first place, do not be in a hurry; get your collection slowly, and you will be more likely to get a good one. Do not keep worn specimens; have as many of your

coins clear-cut as possible. Do not pay high prices for your coins; for you can get all of them—1793, 1799, and 1804, excepted—with but little trouble. 1793 sells at all prices, from one dollar and twenty-five cents to five dollars; 1799, from five dollars to forty; and 1804, from two dollars to ten. Of the remaining coins, the ones that will give you the most trouble are 1806, 1809, 1811, and 1813. Count the stars of every 1817 that falls into your hands; for there are two specimens of this date, one having thirteen stars, and the other fifteen; the former is the most common. There are also two specimens of the date 1807; one having been made from the 1806 die, the six having been changed into a seven; but part of the six shows, and the coin is known as the "seven over the six" (6). Never spoil a coin by cleaning it with acid; if coins are dirty, wash them in soap and warm water to which a little spirits of ammonia has been added. After you have completed your collection, you can either buy or make a cabinet for them, the bottom of which should be covered with black velvet, as that shows off your coins to the best advantage. Collectors can gain valuable information from "Early Coins of America," by S. S. Crosby, and Dr. Dickinson's work on American coins.

FRANK TAYLOR.

DISTANCE.

O SUBTLE secret of the air,
Making the things that are not, fair
Beyond the things that we can reach
And name with names of clumsy speech;
By shadow-worlds of purple haze,
The sunniest of sunny days
Outweighing in our heart's delight;
Opening the eyes of blinded sight;
Holding an echo in such hold,

Bidding a hope such wings unfold,
That present sounds and sights between
Can come and go, unheard, unseen,—
O subtle secret of the air,
Heaven itself is heavenly fair
By help of thee. The saints' good days
Are good because the good Lord lays
No bound of shore along the sea
Of beautiful eternity.

FAITH AND FEELING.

THE world in which we live is very beautiful. There is loveliness on every hand. As you walk abroad, your heart breaks forth in ecstasy, "O God, I am glad that I live. I thank thee that thou hast made the world so fair, and fashioned me capable of enjoying its fairness!" But the thought must long before this have come to each one of you, that there is an element about it all which is unsatisfying. There is hell-bore among the violets, poisonous weeds among the fairest flowers, a serpent, sharp-toothed and terrible, in the loveliest grove! To-day you are full of plans, and strong and well and happy,—to-morrow you are sick. To-day you have friends about you whom you love and who love you,—to-morrow love is cold and friends are dead! To-day you rejoice in your little family circle,—to-morrow your home is broken. To your door comes one whom you have not invited and do not welcome, looks in upon those more precious to you than your own life, and beckons to your dearest with his bony hand! The wife of your love sickens before you, and languishes and moans and gasps and dies. O God! Oh, the sorrow, the tears. If we had seen all; if there were nothing beyond, no such thing as faith to set God's realities over against this darkness, how we might curse our Maker and long for death! But, as it is, bless God, there is light in the darkness! These light afflictions, our faith assures us, are working a weight of glory that is eternal. Our loved ones go away from our presence, but they are not lost to us. Just a little way on, they are waiting to welcome us, new light in their eyes, new life in their limbs, new joy in their hearts, new music on their tongues,—the last moan past, and the last tear. I give over my jewels to the Great Purser, and he does not forget them or me, for whom he is keeping them. In the book of this remembrance they are

all written. By the hand of faith I can take hold of God's hand, and he leads me through what, without him, would be trackless and cheerless and barren; and, by the faith-eye, I can see him holding the rest he has promised, in reserve for me, fitting up the mansion he has prepared for me from the foundation of the world; and, best of all, bless his name, giving me himself to enjoy forever and ever.

But faith is not feeling. When I rejoice thus that the trust which I have committed will be well kept for me, it is not so much faith in *exercise* as it is the *attendant*, the *consequence*, the *result*, of faith. Faith is not feeling. In an eminent sense, it is acting. It is an act of the greatest possible earnestness,—an act of greater moment than any other in our lives. It is a deliberate counting of the cost, and a personal choice, with all the responsibilities connected with that choice.

Perhaps for months, or even for years, you have been wishing to see this Continent of Europe, this gay German capital, but there were the three thousand miles of treacherous sea between you and your object, no way of crossing it but by a frail steamer,—and you hesitated. You were not without fear, yet at last you trusted yourself. There was an earnestness about it,—such an earnestness as you do not often feel,—as you went up from the wharf upon the high deck. You had not so lively a step or so rosy a cheek as you sometimes have, when the anchor was hauled in, and the engines commenced to work; when the pier moved backward, and the boatswain shouted his orders, and the men ran and pulled and hauled and sang, and raised the sails, and the wind filled them; and the prow pointed eastward, and you were upon the open Atlantic. You were more quiet and thoughtful that evening than usual as the great waves lifted you easily and let you down again in the hollow of

the sea; when New York faded away and the last land slipped out of sight, and the sun went down over your American home, and darkness shut you in; when you realized that you yourself, and the crowded vessel with you, was a feather on the whirlwind, and the shell very frail between you and death! But as morning came and the day wore away, and day followed day, something of the old feeling came back that you were at home; and yet you were all the time painfully conscious that close at your side was a pale presence. At last the harbor comes in sight. The little waves keep up their mimic war, but the tall masts are hardly swayed by them any longer. The danger is all past and you are safe! How dear has every fellow-passenger become

to you, and how you love the vessel which has brought you safely through! "Bless that ship!" your heart cries, and you feel that you can kiss the very decks in your joy. Now feeling is alive in you. Your heart beats quickly. But let me tell you, it is not the feeling which saves you, *it is the ship*; and not the ship alone,—God help me so to present it that it will be impossible to forget it all your lives,—it is not the ship, *but a personal trust in the ship*, with all the responsibilities considered, which brought you through; and *you are saved through faith by the grace of God*. Make a deliberate personal choice of salvation, and be saved; or, on the other hand, neglect or reject salvation, and perish eternally.

I. DAYTON DECKER.

REV. THOMAS T. TASKER, SEN.

[WITH STEEL ENGRAVING.]

LIVING characters can rarely be portrayed with strict fidelity to truth, as it is possible that the most perfect illustration of purity in a long life-lease may be stained before its close with some act of wrong-doing. The possibility of moral taint in the character of one who has long exemplified the highest type of the human form does not, however, by any means, prevent exceptional instances, as we think is found beautifully and truthfully illustrated in the person and character of the venerable and much loved Rev. Thomas T. Tasker, Sen., of Philadelphia. He was fortunately "well-born," in every sense of the word, and, at a very early age, gave evidence, both in habits of thought and practice, that his heart was deeply under the Divine influence.

Born at Knottingly, Yorkshire, England, May 12, 1799, the son of a worthy and widely known local preacher, he has lived to attain the great age of seventy-

seven years, and is yet as active and vigorous as many that are under fifty, by practicing the same habits and methods that gave him early success in his business career. Accompanying his father in his frequent and long walks to preach as a local preacher, he early became impressed with the work of the ministry. Early in the year 1818, his name appeared on trial on the "Plan of Appointments of Burlington Circuit, England." In the month of April, 1819, he left England, and reached Philadelphia in June. Closely following his arrival in this country, he was united in marriage to a Delaware lady, who still lives, as the "light of his household," February 6, 1820. They are now fifty-six years wedded.

Contemporaneous with his entrance upon his marital relations, he laid the foundation of his grand business career. Possessing superior inventive and mechanical talents, he was mainly instrumental in building up one of the most

extensive iron works, perfect in all its parts, in this country, giving employment to over one thousand persons. His inventive genius was of the most utilitarian type, and productive of such practical results that he had become little less than a public benefactor. Aside from the fact that the "Pascal Iron Works," started fifty-five years ago, of which he was one of the founders and controlling spirit, was regarded as the pioneer establishment in the country in the manufacture of wrought-iron tubes and fittings for gas, steam, and water, he was inventor of a self-regulating hot-water furnace for houses, heating pipes with steam, and so using a cast-iron hydrant that it can be removed or repaired without disturbing the pavement. He did not patent his great inventions, and others have made fortunes by their use.

The business rapidly grew to colossal proportions, chiefly under his magic, threefold power,—energy, mechanic skill, and inventive genius. He grasped the wants of the age and overcame mountains of difficulty, and was justly held in manufacturing circles, and so published, as one of the galaxy of "Self-made Men of our Times," in this country.

Perhaps a score of years ago, he retired from active business, to be represented, and worthily too, by two sons. He has since then supervised his large and valuable landed interests, chiefly in the rural districts of Philadelphia, conducting all parts of his investments in the most systematic and approved forms, as observed in the management of any well-conducted business, and, at the same time, devoting his time and money in promoting important general benevolent enterprises in and out of our Church. This brief sketch of his secular and business life will give an idea of his prominence and activity in manufacturing pursuits.

A career marked with such brilliant features, and so fully rounded in every respect, could not be otherwise from his early training and methodical habits of life. From infancy to manhood he was obedient, dutiful, and respectful to his

parents, who instilled into his mind industry and frugal habits of living, and taught him to avoid sin and bad society of every kind. He was strictly taught to revere the Sabbath, and respect the ordinances of the house of God, and to have strong faith in the providence of God. These principles were recognized at the foundation of his character, and his life has been throughout of the most exemplary kind. Early in life he became the subject of saving faith, and for nearly three-score years he has adorned the office and work of a local preacher.

In recording the reflections incident to his seventieth birth anniversary, he assumes that his success in life arose: 1. From timely and prompt resistance to temptation and wrong-doing; 2. Selection of good and instructive reading-matter; 3. Avoiding wastage of time and corrupt influences from bad books; 4. Pious example; 5. The testimony of his children as to fidelity as parents, example, etc. Coupled with these elements of character, his unremitting industry, prudence, and wise use of wealth, rendered him a tower of strength in the Church and community.

Notwithstanding his retirement from the firm, and his management of large investments, he gives personal supervision to some prominent interests of our Church, by which the Church has been greatly benefited through his personal labors. His identification with, and princely gifts to, certain Church organizations, and instrumentality in the erection of at least a dozen churches in Philadelphia and vicinity, such as Wharton-street, Scott Church, Tasker Church, Kedrow Church, etc., are matters of history. Chiefly through his personal efforts and prudent counsels, the publishing and tract interests in Philadelphia have grown from nothing to their present colossal greatness, comprising property valued at one hundred thousand dollars. The grand pile of buildings and elegant grounds of the Methodist Home, for the Care of Aged and Infirm Methodists, on Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, under the supervision of

the United Ladies' Aid Society, comprising representatives of the different Methodist Episcopal Churches of that city, were consummated under his personal direction, as President of the Board of Trustees. When the late civil war took place, he was largely instrumental in the erection of the mammoth Citizen Volunteer Hospital, and was placed at the head as President. Hundreds of thousands of Union and Confederate soldiers received food and medical treatment wholly through voluntary contributions. For years he literally gave himself away to this noble work, without compensation, and giving liberally, too, to sustain it.

But the crowning work of his later years was what he has done, and is now doing, to make the Church Extension Board, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, such a great power for good. When the General Conference of 1864 provided for its organization, set in motion in 1866, office headquarters in Philadelphia, he was chosen first President; and Rev. S. Y. Monroe, D. D., Corresponding Secretary. Subsequently, in the reorganization of the society, he took the position of First Vice-President, and Chairman of the Executive and Finance Committees; and he has held these responsible positions ever since. In 1869, he founded the "The Tasker Fund," by the gift of ten thousand dollars; and shortly afterward his worthy son, Stephen P. M. Tasker, also gave ten thousand dollars. Thus, in addition to years of laborious service to this noble cause, he has supplemented service with princely gifts. His connection with every public Methodist enterprise for half a century, as well as being largely instrumental in building so many churches, suggests the question, "What has he *not* done?" rather than what he has done to promote general Church interests.

Viewed, therefore, from any standpoint of the life career of Father Tasker, it possesses extraordinary features, and is one rarely seen. Though he is well-nigh fourscore years, his stalwart frame and quick movements make him seem as

vigorous as most persons a quarter of a century younger, coupled with a mind of wonderful activity and a cheerful countenance, which makes his society and presence a benediction wherever he may go. For many years he has blended his temporalities and Church interests, giving time without stint, and dispensing largely of his income to general and local Church objects. The possession of wealth has not induced him to seek ease, encourage prodigality, or become proud or dominant; but, under deep and religious convictions, he regards it as a part of his stewardship to God neither to waste time nor squander his means in an improper manner.

By careful culture from his youth up, by constant reading, and the study of books from his ample and well-selected library, he has acquired prominence in many fields of thought, as his contributions on scientific, religious, social, and other subjects, amply demonstrate. Voluminous daily records, covering a period of many years, on quite a range of topics,—comprising scientific, meteorological, agricultural, horticultural, stock-breeding, mechanical inventions, with full records, of personal and family incidents of everyday life, exegesis of Biblical questions, sermons and addresses reproduced by his retentive memory after delivery, reflection on public events, important Church movements and legislations, poetical effusions, essays on moral and religious topics, reminiscences of remarkable personal events, and observations of by-gone days,—comprising scores of volumes of MS., constitute a rich inheritance to the family, and rich material for his future biography.

A life so uniform from childhood up to a period beyond the common lot of mankind, and so complete in its social, moral, and religious features, beautifully illustrates the great truth, that a "child trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord will not depart from the way" in manhood and even in old age. And now, while he is entitled to respect, he calmly and unceasingly continues

"instant in season" in his work, determined not to cease work until he has ceased to live.

Notwithstanding his great age, few Sabbaths pass without preaching, and his calls to make addresses on special occasions are frequent. The spontaneity of

feeling, by ministers and laymen, in recognition of his great services and superior qualifications, was seen in the fact of his being selected as the first lay representative from the Philadelphia Conference to the General Conference in 1872.

W. H. KINCAID.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.

SECOND PAPER.

OUR author indulges, now and then, in a touch of humor at the expense of the grand functionaries against whom he has a *pique*. He has a special spite against the cardinals, whom he pronounces "a wretched set of old twaddlers." He says: "As we were going to the Farnese, we drove by the Cancellaria, and heard, by accident, that a dead cardinal (Somaglia) was lying in state there. Having seen all the living cardinals, we thought we might as well complete our view of the Sacred College with the dead one, and went up. He was eighty-seven years old; but he had a healthier appearance in death than half the old walking mummies we had seen with palms in their hands in the morning." "La Feronays introduced me to Cardinal Albani. He is like a very ancient, red-legged macaw; but I suppose he is a dandy among the cardinals, for he wears two stars and two watches." His description of his visit to the Pope is certainly any thing but reverent. "He is a very nice, squinting old twaddler, and we liked him. He asked us if we spoke Italian, and when we modestly answered, a little, he began in the most desperately unintelligible French I ever heard. No doubt, he said many excellent things, but it was nearly impossible to comprehend any of them. When I said, '*Tes Saint Pere, le roi, mon maitre, n'a pas de meilleurs sujets que ses sujets Catholiques*,' his eyes whirled round in their sockets like teeto-

tums, and he grinned from ear to ear. After about a quarter of an hour, he bade us farewell; we kissed his hand, and backed out again."

Republics are proverbially ungrateful. Here is a touch of the tender mercies of monarchies. "Nobody thinks any more of the late king than if he had been dead fifty years, unless it is to abuse him, and rake up all his vices and misdeeds. King George had not been dead three days till every body discovered that he was no loss, and King William a great gain."

In his quietly sarcastic way, our author notes the change it works in society when one is dressed with a little brief authority. When the inconsequential William suddenly became king, Greville says: "There never was any thing like the enthusiasm with which he is greeted by all ranks; though he has trotted about both town and country for sixty-four years, and nobody ever turned round to look at him, he can not stir now without a mob, patrician as well as plebeian, at his heels."

Our author drops into his story many names that afterward became notable. He speaks of meeting "young Mill." He says of him: "He is the son of Mill, who wrote the '*History of British India*,' and said to be cleverer than his father. He has written many excellent articles in reviews, pamphlets, etc.; but though powerful with a pen in his hand, in conversation he has not the art of managing his

ideas, and is consequently hesitating and slow, and has the appearance of being always working in his mind propositions or a syllogism."

He speaks of an after-dinner talk of Talleyrand: "They were all delighted; but long experience has proved to me that people are easily delighted with what is in vogue."

"I am just home from breakfasting with Henry Taylor, to meet Wordsworth; the same party as when we had Southey, Mill, Eliot, and Charles Villiers. Wordsworth may be bordering on sixty, hard-featured, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth, and a few scattered gray hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance; and very cheerful, merry, courteous, and talkative. He held forth on poetry, painting, politics, and metaphysics, and with a great deal of eloquence. He mentioned that he never wrote down as he composed; but composed walking, tiding, or in bed, and wrote down after; that Southey always composes at his desk."

His first meeting with Macaulay is described in an amusing manner. "Dined yesterday with Lord Holland; came late, and found a vacant place between Sir George Robinson and a common-looking man in black. As soon as I had time to look at my neighbor, I began to speculate (as one usually does) as to who he might be; and, as he did not open his lips for some time except to eat, I settled that he was some obscure man of letters or of medicine, perhaps a cholera doctor." After reporting the conversation at length, and giving the part this plain neighbor of his took in it, and his own varying conclusions in regard to the other's ability, Mr. Greville continues: "I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbor, 'Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?' I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was MACAULAY, the man I had been so long most curious to see and hear, and whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge and diversified talents, have excited my wonder

and admiration for such a length of time; and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow. I felt as if he could have read my thoughts, and the perspiration burst from every pore of my face; and yet it were impossible not to be amused at the idea. It was not till Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and ungainliness of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never inclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination. He had a cold and sore throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming, unembarrassed yet not easy, unpolished yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinion or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic."

By way of contrast with this eulogium upon the modest *savant*, one enjoys his plain comments upon the royal lunatic, whom every body was flattering: "His ignorance, weakness, and levity put him in a miserable light, and prove him to be one of the silliest old gentlemen in his dominions."

Here is a sad note: "Walter Scott arrived here, dying. A great mortality among great men: Goethe, Perier, Champollion, Cuvier, Scott, Grant, Mackintosh, all died within a few weeks of each other."

A peep at the social life of the *literati* of forty years ago. "On Sunday dined with Rogers, Moore, Sydney Smith, and Macaulay. Sydney was less vivacious than usual, and somewhat overpowered and talked down by what Moore called the *flumen sermonis* of Macaulay. Sydney calls Macaulay 'a book in breeches.'

All that this latter says, all that he writes, exhibits his great powers and astonishing information; but I do not think he is agreeable. His is a roaring torrent, not a meandering stream, of talk. I believe we would all of us have been glad to have exchanged some of his sense for some of Sydney Smith's nonsense. He told me that he had read Sir Charles Grandison fifteen times!"

His comment on Mrs. Somerville is somewhat amusing: "Last night, at Miss Berry's, I met Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician. I had been reading in the morning Sedgwick's 'Sermons on Education,' in which he talks of Whewell, Airy, and Mrs. Somerville, mentioning her as one of the great luminaries of the present day. I could not take my eyes off this woman, with a feeling of surprise, and something like incredulity, all involuntary and very foolish; but to see a mincing, smirking person, fan in hand, gliding about the room, talking nothings and nonsense, and to know that La Place was her plaything and Newton her acquaintance, was too striking a contrast not to torment the brain. It was Newton's mantle trimmed and flounced by Maradan."

Greville's description of the investiture of the Princess Victoria, on her accession, with the royal prerogative, is minute and flattering. "A carefully trained, sensible young woman; her deportment under the embarrassing circumstances was so modest and appropriate as to present a charming contrast with the blatant behavior of her uncle on a similar occasion." He describes her first appearance in council: "She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. At twelve, she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague contrived, between them, to make some confusion with the council papers, she was not put out by it. She seems to

act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense."

And here the curtain falls, as abruptly as it rose. We have no words of the funeral of the half-demented old king, nor of the coronation of the young queen. We are glad that the forty years of excellent rule that have followed have fulfilled the prophecy of prosperity under the sway of so good a woman as Victoria.

We have gone through this book at this leisurely pace to save the time of busy readers. We have given them about all one needs of its contents, at the same time sparing them the contact with the loose-mannered people of the court, eliminating the roughness and profanity that our over-faithful chronicler scatters through his pages. As we ramble through his chatty accounts of the petty meannesses and bickerings of the distinguished personages with whom he was on terms of intimacy, we can but call them, as he does, "a precious set with their squabbles."

He has indulged in very little moralizing, though his picture of the corruptness and unhappiness of the great people in State and in literature is infinitely suggestive. He makes no comment upon the abominable example of the kings whose reigns he describes, each living in bigamy, each having one wife to whom he was privately married, and by whom, as in William's case, he had a large family of children, and, at the same time, married legally to another, who shared the royal honors, and yet who could not, morally, be regarded his lawful wife. He says nothing of the turpitude of these and similar royal offenses, nor of the influence they must have had upon English society. He leaves it for the domestic infelicities and discomfort that he throws upon the canvas with an unflinching hand, to tell their own story.

He does, indeed, let slip a little of the bitterness, and sense of having missed his way, that filled his own old age, and that is sure to follow so careless and irreligious a life. He says: "When I see what other men have done, how they

have read and thought, a sort of despair comes over me, a deep and bitter sensation of regret for 'time misspent and talents misapplied,' not the less bitter for being coupled with a hopelessness of remedial industry and of doing better things. He who wastes his early years in horse-racing, and all sorts of idleness, figuring away among the dissolute and the foolish, must be content to play an inferior part among the learned and the wise. Reflections of this sort make me very uncomfortable, and I am ready to cry with vexation when I think on my misspent life."

We close the book, and let the dust settle back upon the memory of the people, gay and grand, who lived a half-

century ago; and there comes to us, as from the grave's mouth, chiding our ambitions, the words of the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to the rest of the grave.

The hand of the king, that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest, that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,

From the blossom of health, to the paleness of death;

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

JENNIE F. WILLING.

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER I.

ON a gray and sullen-looking day, in the year 16—, might have been seen at the port of Rotterdam, in Holland, a solitary man, pacing back and forth in disquietude and utter loneliness, while on all around him there prevailed a bustling, noisy activity. The sea rolled in with great heavy waves, while the merchant princes, standing on the deck of ships, which were preparing to raise anchor, repeated their last orders to the captains, or drank with them the *stirrup-cup* of departure. The vessels which had completed the filling up of their cargoes were encumbered with sailors and merchandise; men, horses, and vehicles of all kinds crossed and jolted against each other in every direction on the landings, while countless barges plowed the canals, crowded with grave, serious Hollanders, who were returning to their business affairs in the city. The tall buildings that rose here and there along the quays reflected, in a confused way, on the brilliant square of their win-

dow-panes and the brightly glazed tiles of their façades, the lively panorama of the harbor.

But M. Basèrat gave no heed to these divers spectacles, which, nevertheless, could not have been at all familiar to him, as his costume differed materially from the merchants' who traversed the pier, and the satellites who glided around them. Neither did he carry a sword, as did all the state officials, who every now and then mingled with the crowd. On the contrary, his dress was the plain one of a barrister, and his countenance, like his vestments, betrayed his foreign origin. The features were delicate, almost classic in contour, the movements rapid, eyes black and restless, while he strode along with great, quick steps, or anon, coming to a sudden stand-still, would contemplate with anxious gaze the boundless sea, whose billows still continued to roll and recede like living monsters, dashing themselves impetuously against the stone rampart; careless of the disquietude of

men, always dark, dismal, and agitated, under a slate-colored sky.

Several vessels now appeared above the horizon, beaten sorely by the waters, yet advancing, meanwhile, steadily toward the port. The field-glasses of expectant merchants were bent in their direction, while M. Basèrat also followed, with earnest outlook, each shifting change of the helmsman, seeking to distinguish the colors they bore at their mast-head.

"Pardon, Monsieur," he said at last, to a gentleman of good height and respectable *embonpoint*, who for a moment had let fall by his side the lorgnette he carried, while a smile of satisfaction beamed over his face; "will you permit me to look for an instant through your glass? I have been waiting in Rotterdam several days for the arrival of friends, and would like very much to know whether they are passengers in either of these approaching vessels."

The Hollander turned toward the speaker, and one could decide at a glance that he was no longer young, and that he did not understand French. The use of this language, so familiar in the United Provinces, had not then been scattered abroad by refugees. The year of which we write was just subsequent to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the flotillas of the fugitives had, as yet, scarcely begun to inundate the hospitable soil of England and Switzerland, of Holland and of Brandenburg.

The restless, eager eye of the Frenchman told plainly of his desire, however, scarce needing the aid of other speech; and, without any hesitancy, the courteous merchant tendered him the glass, pointing out at the same time to his companion a ship of large proportions and gallant mien, that came on plowing the waves right royally, at the head of the smaller sails.

"France!" exclaimed the Hollander, with a forced accent, "Et c'est à moi!" he added, with an effort, and yet a triumphant air; "à moi!" his linguistic talent not being able to express itself further, he turned round joyfully toward M. Bas-

èrat, a bright color suffusing his wrinkled cheeks.

The Frenchman appeared not to heed the merchant's excitement, or notice even his presence, for he had heard the beloved word "France," nor once again did the latter withhold his eager gaze from the incoming ship, which brought, he could not doubt, those for whom he had wandered, day after day, around the port of Rotterdam, for the space of a month.

The sea still rolled high in angry mood. Sailors, merchants, portfolio officers, still encumbered the quays, hurrying through their duties in this the most busy hour of the day. But the Frenchman did not move from his place. Agile, slender yet robust, he pressed back those who sought to displace him; then, little by little, he glided through the confused mass, until he stood on the extreme point of disembarkation. The ship, designated by the Holland merchant as arriving from France, entered the port in full canvas, careering proudly up until it touched the quay. Then a cry escaped the lips of M. Basèrat, as he held out his arms toward the vessel:

"O Jeanne! Jeanne!" he murmured.

Amid the noise of dragging cordage and rattling pulleys, above the shouts of the sailors, the orders of the captains, and the sad moan of the sea waves, did the voice of her husband strike on the ears of a woman, who stood leaning over the prow of the ship. At the familiar sound, she raised herself hurriedly and glanced around.

But M. Basèrat recoiled almost stupefied at the first sight. It was indeed his wife, his Jeanne, who had thus courageously braved a thousand perils to rejoin him. What, then, had happened to her? What accident, what misfortune, had thus changed her whole aspect? He crowded back the Hollanders, who hindered his advance, boldly to the right and left, and yet who smiled in the midst of their ill-humor, half comprehending the cause of his haste.

An instant more and he had his wife

clasped in his arms. She looked at him with calm, tearful eyes, but M. Basèrat had forgotten all his wonder,—the weather-darkened skin, the poor vestments, covered with dust, the mute signs of weariness, the eyes dimmed by a too oft weeping! He saw only the "good little wife," as he always called her; and the gladness that one could read plainly on his bright face, as he witnessed these proofs of the woman's self-sacrifice for his sake, astonished and touched some of the rough mariners who crossed back and forth to the vessel's side, in performing sundry maneuvers incident to a first landing.

All at once, as if struck by a hidden thought which lay in his mind, M. Basèrat let fall the hands of his wife, which, until then, he had kept fast clasped within his own, and exclaimed, "The children! I have not yet seen the children!"

His wife looked up at him with fond, mournful eyes. Since they had found each other, even in the midst of the transports of her husband at the joyous meeting, a stranger could have seen that the poor woman had seemed absorbed in some sorrowful memory. Her voice was sad and broken with anguish, as she replied:

"Our little daughters are with the New Catholics."

"Both?" murmured the unhappy father.

"Both of them; carried away from their home by the military officers of the Church,—the merciless archers of the king," answered Jeanne.

Madame Basèrat grew white, even under the red tincture spread over her face, with which she had tried to disguise its accustomed pallor. Her glance, so resolute and firm a moment since, even in her grief, now expressed supreme anguish. Her husband, still staggering under the blow he had received, passed his arm around her well-shaped form, and drew her onward, away from the vessel's side, through the jostling crowd, up and down intricate ways, until he reached the small lodgings which he

occupied, in a retired street of Rotterdam.

He had been able to bring a small sum of money from France, which his friends had hurriedly gathered together at the moment of departure. But this scanty resource was already beginning to exhaust itself, although he had waited anxiously for his wife to share with him the remainder. And now she was here; the door closed on them,—they were alone, and together at last.

M. Basèrat laid his half-fainting wife on the low bed, and, kneeling before her, said in gentle, tender tones, "God has been gracious to us, my dear, in bringing about our union once more; let us submit to his holy will in what seems very adverse."

But the wife, half-opening her eyes, and then raising herself quickly to a sitting position, cried out:

"It was *not* God who took away my children. If they were sleeping in the tomb, I would not murmur; but it is man's wickedness that has taken them from us. My daughters! my poor little daughters! Think of it Michel! Marian only six months old! Ah, if I had but left the child with her nurse!"

"What, then, has become of my father and my mother?" demanded M. Basèrat, with a solicitude that bore witness to the value he attached to the opinion and assent of his parents. "Did they advise thy departure without the children?"

"Thy mother would have come—" and Madame Basèrat standing before the little mirror of the poverty-stricken toilet-table, strove to bring back a rose-tint to her face. "Well, I believe that she would have left with me, but thy father was seized with gout, and she could not separate from him. Thy brother John accompanied me to the vessel, but he would never much endanger himself for any cause, I can promise thee that!"

"Then our daughters are with my sisters?" continued the father, without heeding Jeanne's reflection on his brother. "Four Basèrats with the New Catholics!

Is that enough to satisfy them, I wonder?"

"Nay, nay! without the help and strength of friendly hearts, they would have claimed one Basèrat more,—the best of all;" and, as she spoke, the woman lifted her head with a proudly fierce movement. "Yes, the best of all, who would before this have been plunged in a dungeon of the chateau, waiting there until conveyed to the galleys. Ah, me! believe me, *mon cheri*, I have not been quite alive since that woeful day. Thou, O, thou knowest not our anguish whilst thou wert in the chateau, disputing and reasoning with the monk; the crowd outside hallooed that true religion was able to carry chief above the Catholics, but that the reformers spread abroad the noise of their triumph too soon. One after another, ten of our cousins and other relatives stole into our dwelling to speak of the danger that threatened thee; and thy fond mother was the first to cry out, 'He must leave us; I would not that Michel remain, and perish in a prison.'

"Thy father, too, was desperate, exclaiming in his grief, 'What is to become of our commercial house? Michel has been a successful pleader, and his legal robe will not hinder him from having a sound head. Why, then, can he not give good advice to John in such dire need?'

"I came out after the rest had gone, and said to my Cousin Paris, 'If it must be that Michel be thrust into prison, it is better that he depart.'

"'He must have money, then,' my cousin replied.

"I had none, but went directly to ask thy mother for the key of the silver-chest, and she said to me, 'Take all, take all!' but the careful John answered that they had some bills to pay on the morrow. On which Cousin Paris hastened away, to seek for twenty gold pieces he had laid aside for any sudden trouble, and added this sum to that I had taken from the strong box. My cousin brought also his little gray horse,—thou didst recognize it,

didst thou not? It is the same on which he traveled to Guibrey last year. 'He will not stumble or give out,' said he; and before I could answer any thing he had gone to ask from your father all necessary papers in readiness for the commission merchant, who would leave in the morning for the market-place.

"Now, thou hast learned how thou didst find every thing in readiness in the street when thou camest out of the chateau."

M. Basèrat had again resumed his excited promenade back and forth through the small apartment. He arrested his rapid steps now and then to gaze lovingly at his wife, who stood repairing, little by little, the disarrangements of her toilet, turning occasionally toward M. Basèrat, as she continued her rambling speech, and smiling at him with a kind of modest, tender coquetry.

"What a day! What a dreadful day for us all!" cried the barrister. "I had foreseen something of it before going into the chateau, but as the monk had challenged and defied me to the controversy, I could not, for the honor of our blessed religion, refuse the discussion; and, once fully merged in disputation, nothing can prevent the truth from burning into the hearts of men, like the sun's rays at mid-day. I saw that the monk was becoming blind with fury, M. Lieutenant, pale and angry, while some of the assistants and officers were evidently pleased with my side of the question, not daring to express any such sympathy, and still others who clapped their hands in delight, thinking I was lost. Then, on coming out, that valet of your Cousin Paris, seeming agitated and filled with terror, stood holding the horse.

"'Monsieur, you have only time to depart,' he whispered in my ear. 'They tell me the archers have already been commanded to arrest you in your own house.'

"I was already in the saddle as he spoke, but replied, 'Can I not, then, bid farewell to my parents and to my wife?'

"The madame desired me to say that

she would soon follow you,' answered the valet. And now thou also knowest how I strove to return,—at least long enough to carry away with me the benediction of my father. But thou hadst pleaded for me to depart on the instant. Paris was there to aid you, and the archers were already entering by the gate. And now I shall never again see my parents, for are they not too old?—alas, too old!"

The advocate seated himself near his wife, and, burying his face in his hands, wept like a child. As if no break had occurred in the conversation, Madame Basèrat continued:

"And the archers, not being able to arrest the father, have carried off the daughters!" but the poor woman did not weep as she spoke,—her tears were exhausted. "My little Catharine cried and resisted with all her strength; but Marie, the baby, crowed with delight, for the clanking of the soldiers' arms amused her. John tried, before my departure, to learn if the children were well, and the brief reply came that the health of the convent was excellent; and this was all. He could hear nothing more of them."

"No doubt they will seize upon my sisters Madeleine and Suzanne on the first opportunity," cried the advocate; "and I am astonished that the officers did not carry off, at one sweep, all the daughters of the house; it is four years since my other sisters were incarcerated, the poor little ones, even from the time it was decided that children of seven years could choose their own religion, and abjure it, without the consent of their parents. Attendance on one mass was enough for the Church to say they were Catholics. My mother has never recovered her possession of nor seen them since."

"Then she could not risk the salvation of her last remaining daughters?" said Madame Basèrat, a little jealous of the prudence of her mother-in-law. "She made excuse that they had been sent to Fontenay,—they were there as you will remember. Now they will come hither,

to us, when they hear I have safely reached this strange country. Thy mother mourned much to herself in view of all these adverse things, often crying out, 'If I am bereaved of my children, then am I, like the patriarch Jacob, bereaved indeed. Surely I have daughters enough with the New Catholics,—let your sisters rejoin you in Holland, daughter-in-law.'

"And John will be the only one left near our parents!" cried the excited advocate. "He will not know how to take care of them, even if he had leisure."

"No! but then he will marry, and his commercial interest will find itself going on well, as all that we have abandoned in that house will be merged in it," said the wife, with unrestrained bitterness of tone.

"Bah! John is an honest man, and will only use the money for our benefit; and since now thou art here with me,—well, we will gather something together in this place, and establish perhaps a second commercial house: it may be 'Basèrat & Sisters,' and they will correspond with 'Basèrat & Son,' in Caen."

"Couldst thou plead in French before the courts of justice?" demanded his wife, who had always carried her head a little higher than his relations, of whom most of the married men were absorbed in commerce. M. Basèrat shrugged his shoulders.

"One can contend for the States without knowing much of Hollandish," said he: "but the magistrates of this place do not know more of French than I know of the Holland language. I can learn very soon enough of the dialect to buy and sell, even though I could not arrange any set phrases to plead a case; when Suzanne, Marie, and Madeleine, however, are here (provided they have any certainty of their coppers), we will see what can be done. And now, hast thou brought any money with thee, and how didst thou finally leave the home?"

The husband and wife now became absorbed in the details of domestic affairs. Madame Basèrat had realized a considerable sum before her departure,

which she had concealed in the lining of her stays, which they were obliged to rip open to obtain the gold and other valuables. She had reached Holland without difficulty,—the leave-taking alone was the trouble. Once on the sea in the ship of the good merchant from Rotterdam, she was able to come out from the hiding-place, where she had been thrust, behind a row of wooden casks. They conversed long and earnestly, happy to find themselves together; and yet, without pouring out an absolute complaint, a sigh escaped now and then from the heart of the poor mother, whose trembling hands seemed ever seeking the small fingers of her children. Her husband, delighted as he was to recover his good wife, found himself suddenly mute from a heart-breaking grief, at the remembrance of the lost country, of the aged parents whom he was never to see more, of the smiling faces of the little daughters who ought to

be cheering his exile, rather than be banished from him, and great tears gathered on his lids. The day fell dark, the fatigues of the journey, and the excitements of the last few hours, had weakened the strength of both husband and wife, who now kneeled at the foot of their bed, thanking God for having reunited them, while sobs and tears mingled in this act of evening worship.

"If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning!" said the Jews, as they wept under the willows of Babylon.

The poor Normans, flying from France that they might have freedom to worship God according to their conscience, could not forget the far distant, the well-beloved country; and the modest joys of the home fireside they had left appeared to their eyes with a sad charm on this first night of their exile.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MDE. DE WITT.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

O CALL back the thought, let it die on the tongue,
That would answer in anger the old or the young!
Though thy purpose be good, and thy passion be strong,
Will discord convince if you're right or you're wrong?
Let reason and truth be your motto through life,
And your path shall be free from its sorrow and strife;
For the maxim, I hold, that true honor affords,
Is, sincerity prove, and by deeds, not by words.

No matter how cheaply the service be bought,
'Tis the act and the deed that with honor is fraught;
And the humblest attempt can more kindness display
Than all the fine promises words can convey.
If to preach were to practice, how easy 't would be
To relieve all the wants and distress that we see;
But since that vain boasting no honor affords,
Your sincerity prove, and by deeds, not by words.

J. E. CARPENTER.

THE SILVERY KEY IS LOST.

ONE gate of pearl that opened to the soul
Of our dear child, is shut;
The key is lost, she can not even hear
The anguished cry I put
To the Father, that his dear hand may
Open the door that shuts all sound away.

She only watches me, and tries to frame
The few sweet words of speech
She learned before the silent angel came,
As one might blindly reach
For silver coin, that glint and slide away,—
The lost bright coin of speech from day to
day.

The temple that God made is very still,
Our child can hear no sound;
She does not brighten at our evening hymn;
No half-shut rose is found
To open in her cheek with sudden start
When words are read that should touch any
heart.

I do not know this secret of the Lord,
The anguish is so new;
I have not learned to say, "God's will be
done;"

And yet it *must* be true,
That he, in loving mercy, shut the door
Of sound to that young soul for evermore.

Forever must I say? My little child,
Come lean upon my knee,
And trust me, till I learn through mother-love
How tender God must be.
I have not said, as yet, "His will be done;"
Teach me unquestioning faith, my little one.

I try the wards from which God's master hand
Hath taken the true key;
And when thine eyes are lifted to mine own,
It almost seems to me
That thou canst read my face and catch my
tone,
That soul can speak to soul, and then mine
own.

The bitterness is gone that kept my soul
From trusting God in this,
The sorrow of my life. O sweet dumb child,
It may be I would miss
The strange sweet tenderness that came to me
When first I learned how still thy life would
be.

It lies like dew on the deep-hearted rose,
And if I keep alway
This dewy tenderness, it may be at the last
My quivering lips can say
That it was best for others I should feel
This anguish pierce my soul like the sharp
steel. ADELAIDE STOUT.

THE FINALE.

WINTER is in the ashen sky,
Winter in each leafless bough;
Fled is the sweet minstrelsy
Of the silvery song-birds now.

Slowly, surely, creeps a chill
Silently to every place.
Where is Autumn's hearty thrill,
Sending sunshine to each face?

Tarnished is the sunflower's gold;
Lowly droops the aster's head;
And our eyes may not behold
Where the violet lies dead.

Withered mulleins stand in files
With faded flags, a dreary sight;
Gray and bleak, for misty miles,
Spreads the landscape once so bright.

But in our hearts no Winters come;
There the fire of sweet content
Ever makes a pleasant home,—
Genial warmth and radiance blent.

Unheeded drifts the somber cloud;
We hang a leaf on every bough,—
Lift from the face of earth her shroud,
And see the angel smiling through.

HENRY GILLMAN.

NOTED MEN OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

PART I.

IT seems fitting, now that we have reached the hundredth anniversary of our national independence, to recall events in the lives of those who figured in the past, and had a voice in helping to free our country from English rule, form our laws of government, and make us what we now are, a glorious Union of free and enlightened States, governed alone by the voice of the people.

Among those who naturally rise first to mind is George Washington, "the father of his country." And yet it seems superfluous to recall any events in the life of one so familiar to all, down to the veritable school-boy, who, over and over again, has heard of "the ax and the cherry-tree," of the boy who "could not tell a lie," and whose character was formed from early childhood. Still it would not be amiss to give a few pleasing anecdotes of him, that occurred during the stirring times to which we now look back with a renewed spirit of patriotism. But, first, we will give a portrait of Washington as drawn by the Marquis of Chastelleux, a French writer, and for this very reason, perhaps, unfamiliar to many of our readers. He says in his historical sketches:

"Here would be the proper place to give the portrait of General Washington; but what can my testimony add to the ideas already formed of him? The continent of North America, from Boston to Charleston, is a great volume, every page of which presents his eulogium. I know, that, having had a near inspection and of closely observing him, some more particular details may be expected from me; but the strongest characteristic of this man is the perfect union which reigns between the physical and moral qualities which compose the individual; one alone will enable you to judge of all the rest. If you are presented with medals of Cæsar, of Trajan or Alexander, on examining their features, you will still be

led to ask, 'What was their stature, and the form of their person?' but if you discover, in a heap of ruins, the head or the limb of an antique *Apollo*, be not curious about the other parts, but rest assured that they were all conformable to those of a god.

"Let not this comparison be attributed to enthusiasm. It is not my intention to exaggerate; I wish only to express the impression General Washington has left on my mind,—the idea of a perfect whole, that can not be produced by enthusiasm, which rather would reject it, since the effect of proportion is to diminish the idea of greatness. Brave without temerity, laborious without ambition, generous without prodigality, noble without pride, virtuous without severity, he seems always to have confined himself within those limits where the virtues, by changeable and doubtful colors, may be mistaken for faults. This is the seventh year that he has commanded the army and that he has obeyed the Congress; more needs not be said, especially in America, where they know how to appreciate all the merits contained in that simple fact. Let it be repeated that Conde was intrepid, Turenne prudent, Eugene adroit, Catinat disinterested. It is not thus Washington will be characterized. It will be said of him, at the end of a long civil war *he had nothing with which he could reproach himself*. If any thing can be more marvelous than such a character, it is the magnanimity of the public suffrages in his favor. Soldiers, magistrates, people, all love and admire him; all speak of him in terms of tenderness and veneration. Does there, then, exist a virtue capable of restraining the injustice of mankind; or are glory and happiness too recently established in America for envy to have deigned to pass the seas?

"In speaking of this perfect whole, of which General Washington furnishes the

idea, I have not excluded the exterior form. His stature is noble and lofty, he is well made, and exactly proportioned; his physiognomy mild and agreeable, but such as to render it impossible to speak particularly of any of his features, so that, in leaving him, you have only the recollection of a fine face. He has neither a grave nor a familiar air; his brow is sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude; in inspiring respect, he inspires confidence, and his smile is always the smile of benevolence. But, above all, it is in the midst of his general officers that it is interesting to behold him. General in a republic, he has not the imposing stateliness of a Marechal de France, who gives *the order*; a hero in a republic, he excites another sort of respect, which seems to spring from the sole idea that the safety of each individual is attached to his person. As for the rest, I must observe on this occasion, that the general officers of the American army have a very military and a very becoming carriage; that even all the officers, whose characters were brought into public view, unite much politeness to a great deal of capacity; that the headquarters of this army, in short, neither present the image of want nor inexperience.

"When one sees the battalion of Washington's guards encamped within the precincts of his house; nine wagons, destined to carry his baggage, ranged in his court; a great number of grooms taking care of very fine horses, belonging to the general officers and their aids-de-camp; when one observes the perfect order that reigns within these precincts, where the guards are exactly stationed, and where the drums beat an alarm, and a particular retreat, one is tempted to apply to the Americans what Pyrrhus said of the Romans, '*Truly these people have nothing barbarous in their discipline!*'"

Such is the meed of praise a foreign writer pays to our own beloved Washington. Could a finer or truer portrait be drawn of him?

It is said, while the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Morristown, New Jersey, it occurred that the service of the Holy Communion—there observed only semi-annually—was to be observed in the Presbyterian church of that village. In a morning of the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that Church, and, after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: "Doctor, I understand that the Lord's-supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canons of your Church to admit communicants of another denomination?"

The Doctor replied: "Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of whatever name." The General replied: "I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but, as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities." The Doctor assured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath.

A good anecdote of the General's calmness in the midst of battle is thus told: "While Mr. Evens, one of the chaplains of the army, was standing near his Excellency, a shot struck the ground so near as to cover his hat with sand. Much agitated, Mr. Evens took off his hat, and said, 'See here, General!' 'Mr. Evens,' replied Washington with his usual composure, 'you had better carry that home, and show it to your wife and children.'"

Here is one of his courage. During an assault, the British kept up an incessant firing of cannon and musketry from their whole line. General Washington and Generals Knox and Lincoln, with their aids, having dismounted, were standing in an exposed situation to wait

the result. Colonel Cobb, one of General Washington's aids, solicitous for his safety, said to his Excellency:

"Sir, you are too much exposed here. Had you not better step a little back?"

"Colonel Cobb," replied the Commander-in-chief, "if you are afraid, you have liberty to move back."

For General Knox, mentioned above, it is said Washington felt a warm attachment. He always kept this useful and scientific officer near his own person; and he not only honored him with confidence, but with brotherly affection. At the defeat of Gates's army at Camden, General Greene was offered the arduous command of the Southern Department. The Quaker general, with his usual modesty, replied:

"Knox is the man for that difficult undertaking; all obstacles vanish before him; his resources are infinite."

"True," answered Washington, "and therefore I can not part with him."

General Washington had two favorite horses; one, a large, elegant parade horse of a chestnut color, high-spirited, and of a gallant carriage; this horse had belonged to the British army; the other was smaller, and his color sorrel. This he always used to ride in time of action; so that, whenever the General was abserved to have mounted him, the word ran through the ranks, "We have business on hand!"

It is often remarked, "Washington seemed to lead a charmed life in the midst of battle;" rather let us say Providence kept especial watch over him. An incident is thus given in which the actor himself felt that his hand was stayed from giving the fatal shot.

"Major Ferguson, a British officer, who commanded a rifle corps in advance of the huzzars under Knyphausen, during some skirmishing a day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, was the hero of a very singular incident, which he thus relates in a letter to a friend. It illustrates in a most forcible manner the overruling hand of Providence in directing the operations of a

man's mind in moments when he is least of all aware of it.

"We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable by a huzzar dress, pressed toward our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, mounted on a bay horse, dressed in a dark-green and blue, with a remarkably high cocked-hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The huzzar, in turning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood toward him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but, after looking at me, he proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty, so I let him alone.

"The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of the surgeons, who had been dressing the wounds of rebel officers, came in, and told us that they had been informing him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a huzzar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was."

Here is another incident somewhat illustrative of this fact. It is well-known that Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, stands on the lofty banks of the Potomac. Mr. Lund Washington, a relative of the General's, and who managed all his affairs during his nine years' absence with the army, afterward related that an English frigate having come up the Potomac, a party was landed, who

set fire to and destroyed some gentlemen's houses on the Maryland side, in sight of Mount Vernon; after which the captain sent a boat on shore to the General's, demanding a large supply of provisions, etc., with a menace of burning it likewise in case of a refusal. To this message, Mr. Lund Washington replied, "that when the General engaged in the contest, he had put all to stake, and was well aware of the exposed situation of his house and property, in consequence of which he had given him orders by no means to comply with any such demands; for that he would make no unworthy compromise with the enemy, and he was ready to meet the fate of his neighbors." The captain was highly incensed on receiving this answer, and removed his frigate to the Virginia shore; but, before he commenced his operations, he sent another message, to the same purport, offering likewise a passport to Mr. Washington to come on board. He returned, accordingly, to the boat, carrying with him a small present of poultry, of which he begged the captain's acceptance. His presence produced the best effect; he was hospitably received, notwithstanding he repeated the same sentiments, with the same firmness. The captain expressed his personal respect for the character of the General, commended the conduct of Mr. Lund Washington, and assured him nothing but his having misconceived the terms of his first answer could have induced him for a moment to entertain the idea of taking the smallest measure offensive to so illustrious a character as the General, explaining at the same time the real or supposed provocations which had compelled his severity on the other side of the river. Mr. Washington, after spending some time in perfect harmony on board the frigate, returned to the shore, and, not to be outdone by courtesy, instantly dispatched sheep, hogs, and an abundant supply of other articles, as a present to the English frigate.

We can hardly draw to a close this brief and imperfect sketch of the most

noted character of Revolutionary times, without a slight account of his last moments on earth.

It was "on Friday, the 13th of December, 1799, while attending to some improvements on his place, he was exposed to a slight rain, by which his neck and hair became wet. Unapprehensive of danger from this circumstance, he passed the afternoon in his usual manner; but in the night he was seized with an inflammatory affection of the windpipe. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult, rather than a painful, deglutition, which was soon succeeded by a fever, and a quick and laborious respiration.

"Believing blood-letting to be necessary, he procured a bleeder, who took from his arm twelve or fourteen ounces of blood; but he would not permit a messenger to be dispatched for his family physician until the appearance of day. About eleven in the morning, Dr. Craik arrived, and, perceiving the extreme danger of the case, requested that two consulting physicians should be immediately sent for. Utmost exertions of medical skill were applied in vain. The powers of life were manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder. Speaking, which was painful from the beginning, became almost impracticable; respiration became more and more contracted and imperfect, until half-past eleven, on Saturday night, December 14th, when, retaining the full possession of his intellect, he expired without a struggle.

"Believing at the commencement of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal, he submitted to the exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty than from any expectation of their efficacy. Some hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, he succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. After it became impossible

to get any thing down his throat, he undressed himself, and went to bed, there to die. To his friend and physician, Dr. Craik, who sat on his bed, and took his head in his lap, he said with difficulty, 'Doctor, I am dying, and have been dying for a long time; but I am not afraid to die.'

"During the short period of his illness, he economized his time in arranging, with the utmost serenity, those few concerns which required his attention, and anticipating his approaching dissolution, with every demonstration of that equanimity for which his life was so uniformly and singularly conspicuous. The deep and wide-spread grief occasioned by this melancholy event assembled a vast concourse of people for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to the first of Americans. On Wednesday, the 18th of December, attended by military honors and the ceremonies of religion, his body was deposited in the family vault, at Mt Vernon.

"So short was his illness that, at the seat of Government, the intelligence of his death preceded that of his indisposition. It was first communicated by a passenger in the stage to an acquaintance whom he met in the street, and the report quickly reached the House of Representatives, which was then in session. The utmost dismay and affliction were displayed for a few minutes, after which a member stated, in his place, the melancholy information that had been received. 'The information,' he said, 'was not certain, but there was too much reason to believe it was true.'

"After receiving the intelligence,' he added, 'of a national calamity so heavy and affecting, the House of Representatives can be but ill-fitted for public business.' He therefore moved an adjournment. Both Houses adjourned until the next day.

"On the succeeding day, as soon as the orders were read, the same member addressed the chair, and afterward offered the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That this House will wait

upon the President in condolence of this mournful event.

"*Resolved*, That the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black, and that the members and officers of the House wear black during the session.

"*Resolved*, That a committee, in conjunction with one from the Senate, be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honor to the memory of the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.'"

In striking contrast with George Washington, whose every thought, word, and deed was noble, there comes before us Benedict Arnold, most noted, or, we should say, *notorious*, as the first traitor to his country. The portrait we have to draw of him is widely different from that of Washington. Writers who took part in past events thus depict him:

"Notwithstanding all the hardships, sufferings, and irritations, which the Americans had to encounter, Arnold remains the solitary instance of an American officer who abandoned the side first embraced in the contest, and turned his sword on his former companions in arms."

"I am mistaken," says Washington, in a letter to a friend, "if, at this time, Arnold is undergoing the torments of a mental hell. From some traits of his character which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been so hackneyed in crime, so lost to all sense of honor and shame, that, while his faculties still enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse."

"This man," says Hamilton, "is in every sense despicable. In addition to the scene of knavery and prostitution during his command at Philadelphia, which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded, the history of his command at West Point is a history of little as well as great villanies. He practiced every dirty act of speculation, and even stooped to connection with the sutlers of the garrison to defraud the public."

A respectable officer, in a letter to a

friend, speaks of Arnold in the following language: "It is not possible for human nature to receive a greater quantity of guilt than he possesses. Perhaps there is not a single obligation, moral or divine, but that he has broken through. It is discovered now, that, in his earliest infancy, hell marked him for her own, and infused into him a full proportion of her own malice. His last apostasy is the summit of his character. He began his negotiations with the enemy to deliver up West Point to them, long before he was invested with the command of it, and whilst he was still in Philadelphia; after which he solicited the command of that post from the ostensible cause that the wound in his leg incapacitated him for an active command in the field."

His papers contain the most authentic and incontestable proofs of his crime, and that he regarded his important employments only as affording him opportunities to pillage the public with impunity. The crimes of this unprincipled conspirator are thus summed up: "Treason, avarice, hypocrisy, ingratitude, barbarity, falsehood, deception, peculation, and robbery. He aimed to plunge a dagger into the bosom of his country, which had raised him, from the obscurity in which he was born, to honors which never could have been the object even of his hopes. He robbed his country at the time of her deepest distress, having directed his wife to draw all she could from the commissary's store, and sell or store it, though at a time when the army was destitute of provisions. He robbed the soldiers when they were in want of necessities, and defrauded his own best friends, who trusted and had rendered him the most essential services. He spoke contemptuously of our allies, the French, and his illiberal abuse of every character opposed to his fraudulent and wicked transactions exceeds all description. For the sake of human nature, it were to be wished that a veil could forever be thrown over such a vile example of depravity and wickedness."

"An effigy of Arnold," we are told,

"as large as life, was constructed by an artist in Philadelphia, and seated in a cart, with the figure of a devil at his elbow, holding a lantern up to the face of the traitor to show him to the people, having his name and crime attached to him in capital letters. The cart was paraded, the whole evening, through the streets of the city, with drums and fifes playing the Rogue's March, with other marks of infamy; and was attended by a vast concourse of people. The effigy was finally hanged, for the want of the original, and then committed to the flames. Yet this is the man on whom the British bestowed ten thousand pounds sterling, as the price of his treason, and appointed to the rank of brigadier-general in their service. It could scarcely be imagined that there was an officer of honor left in that army, who would debase himself and his commission by serving under, or ranking with, *Benedict Arnold!*"

History thus gives a brief summary of his most treacherous act: "The year 1780 is particularly memorable for the 'Treason of Arnold.' In 1778, after the British had evacuated Philadelphia, Arnold was put in command of that city. Here he lived at an expense beyond his income, and, to meet the demands of his creditors, appropriated public funds to his own use. Charges were preferred against him, and, in conformity with the decision of the court, he was reprimanded by Washington. He felt the disgrace, and determined to wreak his vengeance. Having secured the command of West Point, he offered, by means of a correspondence, which he had carried on several months, to betray it into the hands of Clinton. Major André, Aid-de-camp to Clinton, was sent to finish the plan of treason and adjust the traitor's recompense.

"André proceeded up the Hudson, and, at a place six miles below West Point, met Arnold, and completed the bargain. Instead of returning by water, as had been previously arranged, André was compelled by circumstances to cross to

the east side of the Hudson, and proceeded by land. When near Tarrytown, he was stopped by three militia-men,—Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert,—who conducted him to North Castle, the nearest military station of the Americans. The American commander at North Castle, having no suspicion of Arnold's treason, wrote to that officer, informing him of the arrest of André. The traitor, startled and alarmed upon reading the letter, escaped on board the British sloop of war, *Vulture*, the vessel which had been intended for André's return, and took refuge in New York.

"André was conveyed to Tappan, a village on the west side of the Hudson, opposite Tarrytown, and was there tried by court-martial, found guilty, and, agreeably to the laws and usages of nations, executed as a spy."

An American captain and a Lieutenant Bowman, of the republican army, were selected as his guard, the day before the execution. The latter officer, who died in 1818, describes Major André as maintaining the utmost firmness and composure; so much so that, when his attendants were silent and melancholy, he would, by some cheerful remark, endeavor to dispel the gloom. Although not a murmur nor a sigh escaped him, his composure was the result, not of the want of sensibility, or of a disregard of life, but of those proud and lofty feelings, the characteristics of true greatness of mind, which raise the soul above the influence of events, and enable the soldier, with unflinching nerve and steady eye, to meet death in whatever form it may approach him; for, in his sleep, nature would play her part, and home and friends, his country and his fame, his sister and his love, would steal upon his heart, contrasting their fancied pleasure with his certain pain, and render his dreams disturbed, and his sleep fitful and troubled.

Early in the morning, the hour of his execution was announced. His countenance did not alter. His servant, on entering the room, burst into tears.

"Leave me," said he to him, with great

sternness, "until you can behave more manfully."

André's breakfast was furnished from the table of General Washington. He ate as usual, then shaved and dressed himself, placed his hat upon the table, and cheerfully said:

"I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you."

Lieutenant Bowman describes it as being a day of melancholy, and that Major André was, apparently, the least affected. To General Washington it was a trial of excruciating pain. It was with great difficulty that he placed his name to the warrant of his execution. Captain — and Lieutenant Bowman walked arm in arm with Major André. It is well-known that he solicited to be shot; and it was not until he came within sight of the gallows that he knew the manner of his death.

"It is too much," said he, momentarily shrinking. "I had hoped," added he, recovering himself, "that it might have been otherwise. But I pray you to bear witness that I die like a soldier."

Many hearts must indeed have grieved that day, when the brave and amiable Major André was executed, while all, doubtless, execrated the cause. That treachery creates its own punishment, and to the detestation of the world adds the inward agony that "passeth show," is strikingly exemplified in the history of the apostate Arnold.

What were the results of his desertion? The fair fame acquired by his early exertions as a patriot soldier was blasted; children, that had learned to lisp his deeds of gallantry, now shuddered with abhorrence at his name. Execrated by his former friends, despised by his new associates, proscribed by his country, by the meanest sentinel held in supreme contempt and reluctantly obeyed, his life was a constant scene of apprehension, misery, and remorse. A cloud hung over his fortunes that shaded his countenance with the gloom of despair, and betrayed the increasing agonies of his guilty heart. That such was the

state of his mind is clear, from his anxiety to learn from others what they supposed his fate would be, should he fall into the hands of his countrymen.

While commanding the predatory expedition on the shores of Virginia, a service peculiarly suited to his character, it is stated that, on one occasion, when some danger appeared of his being taken, he asked an officer near him:

"What treatment think you, sir, am I to look for, should the rebels make me their prisoner?"

"I have no doubt," replied the officer, "though my frankness may offend, but that they will cut off the leg that was wounded in storming the British lines at Saratoga, and bury it with the honors of war; but, having no respect for the rest of your body, they will gibbet it."

The contempt that followed him through life is further illustrated by the speech of Lord Lauderdale, who, perceiving Arnold on the right hand of the king, and near his person, as he addressed his Parliament, declared, on his return to the Commons, "that, however gracious the language he had heard from the throne, his indignation could not but be highly excited, beholding, as he had done, his Majesty supported by a traitor." And, on another occasion, Lord Surrey, afterward Duke of Norfolk, rising to speak in the House of Commons, and perceiving Arnold in the gallery, sat down with precipitation, exclaiming, "I will not speak while that man [pointing to him] is in the house."

"I myself," says the writer of this incident, "witnessed a remarkably strong proof of this detestation. Sitting in a coffee-house at Cowes, in 1792, with a British officer of high distinction, he purposely turned the conversation on the blessings of the Americans, declaring with earnestness that he believed them happier and more to be envied than any people in the world. A stranger who sat near, and who appeared intent upon these encomiums, rose hastily and left the room, when my companion said:

"I perceive you are unacquainted

with the traitor, once the pride of your army; the man who has just retired is Benedict Arnold. The language I used must have appeared extravagant. I spoke of America with enthusiasm to make him feel his degradation, as no one, in my opinion, so highly merits execration."

But one more incident of this will we give. Frederick William Augustus, Baron de Steuben, was a Prussian officer, Aid-de-camp to the great Frederick, and held the rank of lieutenant-general in the army of that consummate commander. He arrived in America, December, 1777, and presented himself with his credentials to Congress, proffering his services in our army without any claim to rank, and requesting only permission to render such assistance as might be in his power, in the character of a volunteer. In thus devoting himself to our cause, he made an immense sacrifice by relinquishing his honorable station and emoluments in Europe. Congress voted him their thanks for his zeal and the disinterested tender of his services, and he joined the main army under General Washington, at Valley Forge. His qualifications for a teacher of the system of military tactics were soon manifested; having, for many years, practiced on the system which the King of Prussia had introduced in his own army. In May, 1778, by the strong recommendation of the Commander-in-chief, Congress appointed him inspector-general, with the rank of major-general. While thus employed as inspector-general of the army, and after General Arnold treacherously deserted his post at West Point, the Baron never failed to manifest his indignation and abhorrence of his name and character, and while inspecting Colonel Sheldon's regiment of light-horse, the name of Arnold struck his ear. The soldier was ordered to the front; he was a fine-looking fellow; his horse and equipments in excellent order. "Change your name, brother soldier; you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "I will willingly renounce the name that the perfidy of a scoundrel has forever tarnished, if allowed to as-

sume one which is dear to every American soldier. Let me be Steuben, and be assured that I will never disgrace you." "Willingly, my worthy fellow," replied the Baron. "Be henceforth Steuben, and add to the glory of a name that has already acquired luster by the partial adoption of a brave man."

His name was entered on the roll as Steuben, and it is said he and his chil-

dren long afterward enjoyed land, given to him by the Baron, in the town of Steuben. This brave soldier, meeting the Baron after the war, said to him: "I am well settled, General, and have a wife and son; I have called my son after you, sir." "I thank you, my friend. What name have you given the boy?" "I called him Baron,—what else could I call him?"

GERTRUDE MORTIMER.

STORIES AND LEGENDS OF THE VIOLIN.

NUMBER I.

TREATISES on the violin, its invention and treatment, are first met with in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Sebastian Viesting and the very learned Agricola describe the various kinds of violins in verse and prose, and give much sage advice with regard to the art of their manipulation, so as to "delight the heart and ear." Somewhat later, Prætorius speaks of the "violin," and describes its construction and sound; and various other writers ply their pens in praise of stringed instruments generally, and discourse learnedly of their beauty, and of the method of "playing them fine and neat." But, strange as it may seem, not a word is said about the *makers* of these instruments; none of the writers at that time seemed to consider them worthy of a thought. And yet the men who toiled in their humble workshops, with untiring industry and wonderful skill, to give to the world its instruments of sweetest sound and most amazing power, are well worthy of a grateful remembrance.

The lute, that favorite instrument of aristocratic ladies and minne-singers, of gallant knights and love-sick pages, demanded for its construction and ornamental inlaying with gold, mother-of-pearl, silver, and ivory, very cunning artificers. And these artificers were the men

who first constructed the violin. Gasparo da Salo, on the shores of the Sea of Garda, is mentioned as the inventor and maker of the first real violin.

The Sea of Garda! wild and defiant rises its rock-piled coast in the north, toward the Tyrol. Its basin here seems narrow, the color gray; but the farther you go toward the south, the greater is the expanse of water, the brighter and more shining its color, until finally the confined mountain sea suddenly, as though impatient of control, bursts its bonds and habitates itself in a loose, flowing robe, lightly gathered and held here and there by an island broach. But Garda is ever changing its toilet, like a lovely woman anxious to appear ever new and fair in the eyes of her lover. Its waves show a constant variation of color, not unlike that sparkling stone which the popular voice so poetically calls the "World's Eye." Large white-winged birds fly silently to and fro across its waters. Fishing smacks glide over the waves, and following in their wake, in the silvery furrows plowed by their keels, fish, their bright scales glittering in the light, spring high in air, as though exulting over a retreating fire.

Olive groves nestle at its feet, luxuriant vines entwine their slender hands, as for a dance, along the slopes of the hills;

proud castles and lovely villages dot its shores. From the terraces a lovely perfume is exhaled; roses, oleanders, chamomiles, waft their sweet odors over from the spot where erst Catullus, the Roman lyric poet, sang the praises of this wonderful land.

The legend of the enchantment of the Sea of Garda is met with even in the works of Virgil, and shines forth in the "*Divina Commedia*," of the great Florentine.

Hard battles have been fought on its shores; the wild war-cry of the Guelphs and Ghibellines was wafted across its waters; and the imprecation, "*Morte il Tedeschi*," resounded along its coasts. And yet many of the villages which were built here bloomed like the flowers in a desert and sunk again, without the knowledge or care of the outer world.

Thus isolated and quiet stood the village of Salo, the birth and dwelling place of Gasparo, the violin-maker. His father was a lute-maker, who carefully instructed his only son in his art, as a means of gaining a frugal livelihood.

Gasparo was industrious and intelligent, with a handsome face, and graceful in form and manner; and the most earnest wish of his mother was, that he might, at some time, go to Verona to sell to the rich and grand ladies of that city the lutes which father and son knew so well how to inlay and ornament. The good woman never troubled her head about the tone of the instruments; so they were only brightly inlaid and finely polished, her expectations were met.

The personal appearance of the seller was, in her opinion, of first importance; and she took it for granted that when a handsome young fellow, like her Gasparo, should offer a lute, the fair buyer had but to look into his roguish black eyes, and mark the laugh of his red lips and pearly teeth, and she would buy at once.

So thought the mother. She would also frequently tell her neighbors that she had a presentiment that the Madonna had designed her Gasparo for some great thing. But then the good woman could think of nothing greater than that he

would gain a rich wife, by reason of his fine face and lively manners. He certainly was deserving of the best, the richest, the grandest wife in the world, her Gasparo. The Madonna herself would admit that; he was so pious and devout, and never neglected a mass in the little convent church of the Franciscan nuns.

Indeed, in Salo he needed only have taken his choice. The girls all cast longing and lingering looks upon the handsome youth whenever he passed by, and waited for him in the church, that he might serve them with holy water.

But Gasparo was utterly unconscious of all this; there was one that held all his thoughts, and she was up yonder in the choir of singing nuns, a pupil of the sisters. Her voice, so strangely sweet, sounded through the naves and aisles of the little church like a streak of golden light, and filled the heart of the enrapt youth with such a glow that he forgot all else about him.

Gasparo found it difficult to realize the fact, that she who performed such wonders was none other than his former playmate, Marietta, the fisherman's daughter. As a boy, he had often accompanied her father in his little boat, spending half nights on the water, and Marietta was always present. They had grown up together like brother and sister. The mother of the little girl had died when she was a babe but nine days old, and the father, with the aid of an aged aunt, had reared her as best he could. The child grew up in the fisherman's boat, and the water became her native element. Gasparo was her playmate and nurse, dragging her hither and thither, trying to mend the rents in her clothing, whenever the wild little creature got caught in some hook or nail, and feared the angry scolding of the old aunt. For this reason, however, the little girl loved him better than all else in the world, the blue waters of the Garda perhaps excepted; and when she would throw her chubby arms about his neck, and, with her large black eyes all aglow with a soft light, look straight into his, and, with her fresh, rosy

lips, say, "Gasparo, mio!" there was nothing that she could have asked of him that he would have denied her.

But greater than all else was the power exerted over him by her clear, silvery voice. Marietta sang so wonderfully sweet that the people of Salo said that she enchanted the fish, so that they entered her father's nets for the mere pleasure of hearing her sing; for no fisherman in Salo was so successful as he. And the child took to the water as naturally as a duck. Often would she venture out in the bay and sea, when the tide had ebbcd, springing from rock to rock, going out further and further still, till those who watched her became seriously alarmed for her safety.

On one such occasion, Gasparo had followed her, and, at the imminent risk of his own life, had borne her to the shore as the tide came rushing in, and after that event they were more inseparable than ever. Since then, Marietta would sometimes remain on shore to visit Gasparo in his workshop. There she would sit by the hour, watching the father and son at their work, making lutes or harps, in which, as she with a pitying accent said, they imprisoned the poor tones; then she would touch the strings with her fingers, with a mixture of curiosity and awe.

Gasparo's mother would often speak of the "lazy thing," idling her time away in their shop; but father and son both declared they could work better when Marietta was present. Sometimes she would sing, with a soft and mellow voice, then, suddenly inclining her head back, close her eyes, opening her lips in a scarcely perceptible manner; and then it seemed as though the strings of the instruments had become endued with life, and each one of them sounded out in endless vibrations. At such times the old lute-maker would raise his head and gaze upon her in utter amazement, then smile upon her and nod his approval. Gasparo, however, would drop his hands and go off into a dream, from which he would awake only when that wonderful voice

ceased, and he found Marietta teasingly pulling his locks.

The mother, however, could not bear this singing; she invariably made the sign of the cross, and expressed the opinion that Marietta enchanted her Gasparo in the same manner in which she enchanted the fish; and not unfrequently would she turn the girl away from the threshold with bitter words. Then Marietta would leave proudly and quietly, wend her way to the sea, cross over the stones and bowlders, and seat herself on the rock which the people called the "Throne of the Water Queen." At such times Gasparo would become uneasy at his task; the wood burned in his hands, the strings writhed and twisted like serpents, his eyes turned involuntarily to the window, and he gazed out upon the sea. The air of the shop became suffocating and oppressive, his breathing became labored and heavy, the work lagged more and more, until, finally, he would throw every thing aside and rush out into the air. Without stopping, he would make his way to the sea, and long ere he could see her would Marietta's voice strike upon his ear. How indescribably clear was her voice, the fullest, clearest tones of the lute seemed dull and compressed in comparison! And there she sat on the rock, her dark hair waving in the wind, her finely formed hand beckoning him to come to her, and her red dress shimmering in the light like the purple robe of a queen.

Instantly, too, he was by her side. "Sing on!" he would plead, and then seat himself at her feet. Marietta divided her treasures with him, fruits and bread; they talked, ate, and sang alternately, until the shades of evening gathered around them.

The waves gave back a rosy light, colors and gold streamed out from the rocks and hills; the stars came out like diminutive moons, and in the far distance, in the sea, appeared white specks, the sails of the returning fishing-smacks,—the boat of Marietta's father leading all the others. The voice of the daughter floated out to meet him, and greetings went to

and fro. Then the two children retraced their way back to the shore with joyous shouts, meeting the fisherman's boat as it grazed the sand, and helped drag the net to land, and unload the scaly prey; and Gasparo's father would come down to inquire about the catch, bringing with him a small basket of fruit out of his own garden. The men sat down before the door of the hut, the aunt cooked some of the fresh-caught fish, in the open fireplace, and prepared the polenta. Marietta spread the table, placing flowers on the plates. The starry lamps shone bright, and the air was soft and balmy as the leaves of a new-blown rose.

Those were happy days.

But things were not to continue thus; those Summer days and starry nights were to end. There came a day on which the children, pressing close to each other, looked with anxious and beating hearts for the return of the fisherman's boat, but it came not. A storm had suddenly come up, such as the oldest inhabitants of Salo had never known. It lashed the waves of the sea so that they, seething and foaming, piled up mountains high, rushed into the bay and dashed far in upon the land. The waters flashed like burnished steel. There was a roaring and howling in the deep as though ten thousand demons were striving to rive their chains. Of all the boats which had sailed out that morning, not one had returned. The shore was thronged with waiting women and children, distractedly wringing their hands and falling upon their knees. Among them was Marietta. The sea retained its victims. The child was destined to see her father on earth no more.

Like a poor unfledged bird which has fallen out of its nest was Marietta in her helpless sorrow, and Gasparo brought her to his mother, and said, pale with sympathy:

"Marietta must stay with us; she now has no one to take care of her, for her aunt is gone to Rivo, to live with her daughter; and Marietta can assist us in our work. Father thinks so too, and I

shall work with much greater diligence if she is present."

His mother cast a long, searching look upon them, as they stood before her with arms entwined, and then, after a little thought, she said calmly:

"Figlio mio, certainly; we will take care of the poor orphan; but Marietta must first spend a few weeks in the convent with the good nuns, to pray for the repose of her father's soul. I have already spoken to them about it, and they have consented to take her immediately. How fortunate for her!"

And that very day Marietta entered the convent. Gasparo accompanied her and his mother to the gate. The gate was opened, and Gasparo's mother was the first to enter the somber convent yard. She turned her head to beckon the young girl. But Marietta, with a sudden cry, ran back, and threw herself into the arms of Gasparo.

"O, I can not leave you and the sea!" she cried, in wildest agony. "Let me remain with you!"

Vehemently he threw his arms about her, and pressed her to his heart, as though he would protect her against all the world. But his mother was already at his side, grasped Marietta by the hand, and sternly bade her follow.

"You are no longer a child," said she, severely. "It will be more becoming for you to think of the torments of your father's soul, who died without the absolution of the Church, and whose agony can only be shortened by pious prayers, than to hang upon the neck of a young man!"

Marietta stepped back at once; her arms fell to her side; she cast a look upon her playmate, and said, in a most peculiar tone of voice:

"Addio, Gasparo!"

The gate closed upon her, and Gasparo returned to his home as in a dream. "You are no longer a child!" these words resounded in his ears, they pursued him while at work in the shop, and he heard them at night in his sleep. In a few weeks they would meet again! O, how

light did labor seem with such a hope in his heart!

But the weeks grew to months, and the months became a year. Marietta remained with the nuns. She was there instructed in music, and many artistic and useful things; so the mother, who visited the convent frequently, assured her son; and Gasparo heard Marietta's wonderful voice in every mass.

How could she remain away from him so long? His desire to see her became more consuming day by day. Again and again did he beg his mother to induce her to come and live with them. The invariable answer was that Marietta desired to remain still in the convent.

In the workshop of the lute-maker more instruments were made than ever before, for the orders increased; and again a large number of finished lutes were to be sent to Verona and Milan.

Gasparo's mother importuned her husband incessantly to send him, instead of the usual messenger, to deliver the instruments, in order that the overworked youth might have a season of rest and relaxation. But, to the astonishment of both parents, Gasparo refused to go. He only shook his head and smiled sadly, when they spoke of the many attractions of the city.

"Our sea is grander and more beautiful than all else in the world," said he; "let me stay here, I have no other wish. What am I to do among strangers?"

And thus he labored on, went regularly to mass, and permitted Marietta's magic voice to sound in his ear and reverberate in his heart, as the only balm for the wound caused by their separation. In the evening, he would sit by the hour on the rock of the water queen, and gaze out upon the waves of the sea. The hut of Marietta's father was occupied by another family. Noisy children paddled and played in the water, like a flock of ducks, in the place where the well-known and well-loved boat had lain. How every thing had changed! Why did not Marietta come back?

But he no longer asked with his lips;

it was only in the innermost recesses of his heart. He had long since ceased to send messages by his mother to the playmate of his childhood. Anger and wounded pride took possession of his soul. He would learn to do without her, since she could so easily do without him; but her voice he could no longer do without. This he felt as often as he heard her sing.

Marietta's name was never again mentioned in the hearing of Gasparo, and his mother rejoiced in her triumph. He had forgotten the impudent beggar. But the youth's gait became heavy and languid, his cheeks lost their freshness, and his eyes their fire.

"We must soon look up a beautiful, smiling wife for him, and a daughter for our house," said the mother.

"But there is not a girl in Salo whom he will have, except the poor little thing in the convent," replied the father. "Why does she want to be a nun? She is not fit for that. Is not Gasparo good enough for her?"

"O ye saints! She is not good enough for our son," cried the mother, excitedly. "Never will I consent that a beggar should enter our house as its mistress."

But soon it seemed as though neither a rich nor a poor mistress should ever enter the cottage of the lute-maker of Salo; for Gasparo became very ill, and the priest prayed at his bedside the prayers for the dying; and, in his delirium, he called again and again for the golden voice of Marietta, and begged most piteously that some one would imprison it in a lute and bring it to him.

Every body in Salo knew that young Gasparo was dying; and, in the convent, the nuns offered prayers for his struggling soul. At last, one night his breathing ceased, his pulse no longer beat, the young life seemed going out; one more wild throb of the heart, and Gasparo lay there as one dead.

With a loud cry of anguish, the father fell upon his knees at the foot of the bed, the mother rushed to the chapel of the convent, and cried out to the nuns: "My

son is dead!" and, wringing her hands before an image of the sorrowing Virgin Mother, she prayed amid sobs and tears.

"O, recall my child to life! take my guilt from me! I promise thee that I will give him Marietta to wife!"

But Gasparo lay there pale and lifeless. Suddenly something flitted into the house, and into the death-chamber, and a female form bent over him. From out the folds of a black veil there looked the beautiful countenance of a young girl; heavy tears hung on the lashes of the dark eyes.

"It is I, Gasparo!" she said softly. "Marietta has come to you! They wanted to separate us; they did not regard my tears nor your yearning; for you did yearn for me, I know it. Tomorrow I am to take the veil and become a nun. But they shall be disappointed; I know another veil that will be more becoming, with that will I cover my face. I will go with you, Gasparo mio! Only wait for me a little while."

She kissed him softly, and was gone. And Gasparo da Salo revived and again became well, to the astonishment of all. The Queen of Heaven, they said, had performed a miracle, and answered the mother's prayer. But Gasparo repeated, over and over again, that he had dreamed a heavenly dream. "Marietta came to me as an angel," he assured them, with a glad smile, "and kissed me to life and health. It is to her you owe it that I live!"

But no one dared tell him, that, in the morning following that night, the waves of the sea had borne a corpse to the shore,—the young novice of the convent of the Franciscan nuns, Marietta, the daughter of the fisherman.

There she lay, the smiling image of an angel, and water flowers and rushes covered her form, as by the hands of a loving mother. Long, long after this, when Gasparo again kneeled in the

chapel, and waited in vain to hear the sound of that voice, was he finally told that his Marietta had become a beautiful angel.

Immediately a strange change came upon Gasparo. Not an expression of grief passed his lips. Not a tear fell from his eyes. But he built a small workshop for himself, and asked that he might not be disturbed in his labor.

"I will now try to get and confine Marietta's voice in the lute," said he, with a weary smile. "It flits about me day and night like a butterfly; it seems as though I need only to put forth my hand and catch it."

And he was permitted to have his way. Day after day he worked thus alone, like a hermit in his cell; and very often his window was lighted up till deep into the night, and passers-by would see the young man leaning thoughtfully upon his work-bench.

But years came and went ere the golden tone was caught and imprisoned in that wonderful instrument,—*the first violin*.

Gasparo da Salo, as is well known, has been greatly celebrated for his violins, violoncellos and bassos. It is said that his violins differ from those of his colleagues by their larger size, as also by being more oval and of a dark-brown color, but they are less graceful in form than those of later makers. The most beautiful, however, which his hand fashioned is the violin in which he heard the voice of his Marietta singing,—a violin which, instead of the scroll, shows the beautiful carved head of an angel. It is now owned by that wonderful violinist whose tunes have touched so many hearts in their profoundest depths. His name is Ole Bull.

This, according to the legend, was the origin of the first violin made in the workshop of Gasparo da Salo.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKA.

THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

"EXCUSE me, mother, for coming into the parlor to lay off my things," said the blithesome, impulsive May Bradford, as she rushed into her mother's presence, and excitedly commenced to divest herself of hat, cloak, and furs, and deposit them on the sofa; "but I have a piece of information to communicate which I know will surprise you."

"It must be important news, indeed, which will not wait for you to take your wraps and purchases to your room," said Mrs. Bradford, with just the slightest shade of reproof in her tones, as she stooped to pick up a small paper parcel which May in her flurry had dropped at her mother's feet. "Is this the German-town wool?"

"No, mother, I could not find the right shade; but to the news,—would you believe it, mother? Lou Stearns has gone and married Carl Atwood, and every body is so surprised."

"Carl Atwood! O May! I hope not. There must be some mistake."

"No mistake, mother. I called at Mr. Fisher's on my way down, and Kitty told me all about it; and then, too, while we were talking, Mrs. Stearns, Lou's sister-in-law, came to call on Kitty's mother, and she said that Lou's folks were nearly distracted."

"And no wonder; such a dissolute young man!"

"Yes, and Mrs. Stearns said," continued May, "that Lou might have had her pick among the best; and that, to her certain knowledge, she had refused two estimable and well-to-do young gentlemen because they were not stylish enough to suit her. She said that Lou's father was so provoked that he had threatened to disinherit her; and that this, with all the rest of the poor mother's troubles, had almost unsettled her mind; but, for her part, she did not much care if Lou did have to suffer a little to pay for being so headstrong and willful; for she would

not listen to advice from any quarter, and was perfectly blind to Carl's faults, apparent as they were to every one else; and when her mother remonstrated with her, she cried, and said they all hated and persecuted her at home, and, as Carl was the only one that treated her decently, no wonder that she turned to him for love; and as Mrs. Stearns arose to take leave," continued May, "she added: 'Ah, well! the bright bird which trilled its song, and soared aloft so bravely, has trailed its pretty wings in the dust at last; and, though it grieves us all so sadly, it will be hardest for her in the end.'"

"Poor child," mused Mrs. Bradford, "her foolish dreams are destined to a sad awakening ere long. Lou has been tenderly reared, and every-day contact with one of such inferior mold will ruthlessly and all too soon sweep the rose-colored veil from her eyes, and leave her to stand face to face with the real character of her husband; and I fear she has not strength of mind to make the best of it, and a wrecked life will be the consequence of her imprudence."

Lou's father was a man of strict integrity and good business habits, and was respected and looked up to by all his acquaintances; and, though not wealthy, he was able to give his family all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Lou was an only daughter, and almost idolized, especially by her mother. Beautiful in feature, stately in form, and graceful, sweet, and winning in her manners, she won the favor and esteem of her associates, and was the acknowledged favorite in the circle in which she moved; but, with all her amiable qualities, Lou had her faults. She was selfish, imperious, and exacting, though so skillfully were these faults veiled, that, aside from her parents and her two devoted brothers, none ever dreamed that under the calm, placid, fascinating exterior there rushed a strong under-current of self-will. In

the home-circle she always managed to have her own way. In all those trivial affairs that make up the course of everyday life, her pleasure was consulted, and her wishes acceded to. Her parents, without much seeming effort on her part, were always cajoled into her way of thinking; her brothers never thought of resisting her will; and in the society in which she mingled, her dignified bearing had the effect to win from all perfect deference to her wishes. And so, while there was little to call forth an exhibition of the unlovely traits of her character, they were strengthening daily, and becoming more and more likely to give her trouble in the future.

She had also high notions of gentility, and scorned in her heart those in the humbler walks of life. Marriage she looked upon as an event destined to lift her above the level which she had heretofore occupied, and she often confided to her intimate girl friends her determination to marry no man who could not place her in a position above that which her parents held. To keep her carriage, wear diamonds, and be able to dress elegantly, were stipulations to be rigidly required in exchange for her hand. What is the use of marrying, she would say, unless one is going to better one's condition?

"There, thank fortune, that business is off of hand," coolly remarked Lou to her mother one day, as she returned from handing the postman a letter.

Her mother looked up inquiringly, and for answer Lou put an open letter in her hand.

"And so Mr. Hall has proposed," remarked her mother, as she returned the letter.

"Yes; and I have refused him. Why, mother, one would think from your looks that you were really shocked. Are you anxious to be rid of me?"

"Certainly not, my child; but, in the course of things, it is but natural to suppose that you should leave me some day, and I hope you have studied this subject and taken counsel of your own heart

before deciding. The priceless treasure of a true, manly, noble heart should not be lightly cast away, it seems to me. May I ask what objection you have to Mr. Hall?" continued her mother, after a pause.

"Just this, mother. Edward Hall is not my ideal of a husband. Just a plain, practical, every-day sort of a man. Not a spark of poetry or romance in his nature; no style, and not wealth enough, by any possibility, to enable him to adopt a stylish mode of living, were he even so disposed. What a humdrum sort of life he would lead me, to be sure!" and she laughed merrily, as if the whole affair was a very comical thing.

"Mr. Hall is a man of good principles and habits; and as far as property is concerned, he owns a neat little house and lot on one of the pleasantest streets in the village, and is engaged in steady and profitable business."

"He is just about as well off in this world's goods as papa or brother Paul," returned Lou, with a contemptuous curl of her ruby lips.

"Are you not content, my daughter, to commence life in as good circumstances as your parents have attained to after so many years of hard labor?"

"By no means, mother. If I can do no better than that, you can count upon keeping me at home with you always. Marriage must be to me a stepping-stone to higher fortune and position, or I shall remain as I am, that is settled. I know what you would say, mother," Lou continued, as she playfully placed her fingers on her mother's lips; "you are going to warn me against 'air castles,' but my castle will be a real one, and built on *terra firma* too, or, better still, upon a rock," and the gay girl flitted from the room, humming a merry ditty.

Her mother looked wistfully after her, and said, with a sigh, "She is well-fitted, by nature, to grace the drawing-room of the noble and refined, but, poor child, I fear she has mistaken views of life."

Not long afterward, it was rumored that Carl Atwood was paying special at

tention to Lou Stearns, and that Lou received these attentions with a sweetness and grace that left no doubt on the minds of the beholders that she was pleased and flattered thereby.

As for Atwood, no one knew any thing about him, except from observation, since he had come a stranger into the place six months before; but what little was known, was not much in his favor. He seemed to have no employment, and frequented clubs, billiard-tables, and theaters, smoked cigars, and was often known to drink to excess; but these things were offset by his polished manners, lively sallies of wit, and gracious deference to the ladies. He wore the finest broadcloth, the glossiest beaver, and the most exquisite kids; flourished a gold-headed cane, wore a mustache, and parted his hair in the middle.

Lou was charmed, and was sure her prince had come, and, as he manifested his preference for her, and poured into her ear the honeyed words of flattery, she seemed to herself to live and move as if in a delicious dream. Life had blossomed for her at last, and the very ground she walked upon was enchanted. She was the gayest of the gay, and she told herself that she was the happiest of the happy, and took no little satisfaction in the thought that she must certainly be envied by all the girls of her acquaintance.

Her parents were alarmed, and strove by the gentlest arts, to draw her from his society. And now came the tug of war; her self-will asserted itself. She had always had her own way, and she determined that nothing should hinder her having it now. In vain her parents reasoned with her, in vain her brother set before her a statement of Atwood's irregularities, and begged her to yield to considerations of prudence. She would not listen. They were prejudiced, unjust, and cruel; they hated her, and meant to break her heart; indeed, they were her worst enemies; and, with rebellious tears and reproaches, she tore away from those who would fain shield her from life-long

misery, and, shutting herself in her own room, bewailed herself as though she were a martyr, avowing that she was the most ill-treated person in all the world, and that she would escape from such tyranny at the earliest opportunity.

Ah, little knew she of the pangs that wrung her poor mother's heart as her petted daughter withdrew as much as possible from her companionship, and ceased the little attentions and loving courtesies she had been accustomed to pay her. In all her intercourse with the family, she put on an injured air and look and tone, except when Atwood called, and then she would emerge from under the cloud and be all smiles and sweetness while he remained.

"Has Atwood told you any thing of his circumstances?" asked Mrs. Stearns of her daughter, one day.

"No; why should he? He knows that I trust him fully, and I have no doubt that he means to surprise me with his wealth and the elegance of his home; for a man with his manners, charming taste, and faultless attire, must have been used to genteel society; and, mother, you will all be sorry for your opposition and the calumny you have heaped upon Carl, when you find me in a mansion surrounded with all the luxury that wealth can give."

"But, my daughter, this is all conjecture on your part. You have not the slightest foundation on which to build such hopes; but, aside from wealth, how can a dissipated, unprincipled man be supposed to make a tender, loving, husband?"

"O mother! you have been over that ground times enough. I do not believe a word of the reports they have gotten up on purpose to injure him; but I am willing to take him as he is, and run all risks, and nothing that you or any one else can say, will move me from my purpose."

And so, one bright morning in January, the whole neighborhood was thrown into a flutter of wonder and surprise, when the marriage of Lou Stearns and Carl

Atwood was announced in the morning papers.

Immediately after her marriage, Lou removed with her husband to a town seventy or eighty miles distant, where he said he was in business; and there her brother Paul found her, six months later, not in a mansion, but in a very unpretending little house in the outskirts of the town. Her husband was at home, and one glance sufficed to show that the varnish had peeled off and left a very commonplace—not to say shabby and coarse-looking—individual. Lou's pale, sad, care-worn face, together with the utter lack of comfort in her surroundings, told its own story; and her brother would fain have taken her home with him, but she refused to go.

"No, Paul," she said, "you are very kind, but as I have brought this misery upon myself, I must endure it as best I can."

We will not attempt to follow her through the years of sorrow and degradation that followed, or try to fathom the depths of misery and humiliation into which she sank on account of the cruel and neglectful treatment of her husband, as he plunged deeper and deeper into the haunts of vice; but suffice it to say, that, in five years from the time of the ill-starred marriage, the doors of the parental home were opened to receive and shelter—and, if possible, to woo back to peace and happiness—the suffering, heart-broken, and worse than widowed daughter.

CELIA SANFORD.

A SCRAP OF COLONIAL HISTORY.

THE establishment of the American Constitution was not induced by a sudden reaction from monarchical principles. The causes of the Revolution, and of those circumstances which made such an establishment possible, cover a long period of the Colonial history. Immediate provocations there were which might seem to have been most powerful in causing the severance of American allegiance to the British king; but their prominence is because of their nearness to final results. The eye is deceived in comparing near with remote objects. The more distant origin of some of the main causes does not diminish their importance as factors of the result.

The Colonists were early imbued with those political ideas and principles which were held by true Englishmen, and they claimed as their rights all those privileges and rights which were secured to Englishmen by *Magna Charta*. Opposition on the part of England to these claims, and the arbitrary assumption of

power by the king, to the detriment and decrease of Colonial freedom, were the great causes which, beginning to work as early as 1636, and passing through all the Colonies and several phases, finally resulted in the establishment of our present effective and splendid government.

The Colonial Legislatures, severally, at different periods, declared the people of the Colonies to be in possession of the rights which ensue from the social compact; namely, personal security and private property. That these rights should be openly claimed by legislative bodies, and such clauses should pass by legislative act, is strong proof of the insecurity of the Colonists. This insecurity was the result of English presumption and reckless disregard of those very political principles which had secured to Englishmen so great a political and personal freedom. England claimed the entire control of the Colonies; English statutes were to be binding upon the unrepresented Colonist, notwithstanding the

principle that English statutes are enacted by the personal representatives of freemen. This presumption of England advocated and enacted taxation of the Colonies. This unjust and unconstitutional claim was opposed by legislative acts in the several Colonies. In 1636, the Assembly of the Plymouth Colony declared, "That no act, imposition, law, or ordinance be made or imposed upon us, at present or to come, but such as has or shall be enacted by the consent of the body of the freemen or their representatives, legally assembled, which is according to the free liberties of the free-born people of England."

In 1650, when the constitution of Maryland was determined, the Legislature of that Province passed, "An act against raising money without the consent of the Assembly," declaring "that no taxes shall be assessed or levied on the freemen of the Province without their own consent, or that of their deputies, first declared in a General Assembly."

The General Court of Massachusetts declared, in 1661, "that any imposition prejudicial to the country, contrary to any just law of their own (not repugnant to the laws of England), was an infringement of their rights."

The Assembly of Rhode Island, in 1663-4, declared, in the words of *Magna Charta*, that "no tax, tollage, or custom, loan, benevolence, gift, excise, duty, or imposition, whatever, shall be laid, assessed, imposed, levied, or required of or on any of his Majesty's subjects within this Colony, or upon their estates, upon any manner of pretense or color, but by the assent of the General Assembly of this Colony." And, in July, 1692, the Assembly of Massachusetts made a similar declaration. The act of New York, 1691, stating the rights and privileges of the Colonists, declared they could be touched by no act and by no tax but of their own making.

The Assembly of New Jersey resisted the duties imposed by Sir Edmund Andros, and declared "taxes levied without their consent unconstitutional and void."

The Virginian petitioners, in 1676, claimed that it was the right of Virginians as well as of Englishmen not to be taxed but by their own consent, expressed by representatives.

We thus see that the same grievances offended the several Colonies; and their several actions indicate a unity of opposition, and steadfastness of principle, like unto that which advanced the cause of the Colonists in the Revolution. "No taxation without representation," long the point of Colonial arguments, at last became the cause of war and of independence.

Before the close of the seventeenth century, the American Colonists had risen to a high plane of ideas concerning their rights. They claimed that no English law was binding upon the Colonies, because of no representation in the enacting body. This general principle embraced all the minor ones, whose defense excited the Colonists throughout the country, in the squally period preceding the Revolution.

The unreasonable opposition of the natural claims of the Colonists excited that prejudice in their minds which was the great cause of Colonial obstinacy and final revolt. At about the same time that the idea of political freedom was working in the Colonial mind, the principle and efficacy of union were being inculcated and attested. The idea of freedom and the means of independence thus took root in the early soil of the Plantations and grew up together, until attaining the maturity of symmetrical form and strength in the adoption of the Constitution.

In the early years of Revolutionary war, the government of national affairs was confided to the hands and discretion of the Congress, there being no established national government. The need, however, of some regularly qualified government was perceived, and measures taken to remedy the defect. The Articles of Confederation were the result of this legislation. These Articles did not become binding upon the States

until 1781, when Maryland made the thirteenth ratification.

The Articles of Confederation established a form of union which, as a governing formula, was a solecism. It had nominal rights as an institution, and real duties as a government, yet it was denied the power of either maintaining its rights or of performing those duties, by the very constituents of its organization. The Confederate Congress, during the Revolutionary war, was the representative and agent of the young aspirants after independence, and the success which attended the united efforts ought to have gained some credit and acknowledgment from the several States. This was not the case; but, instead, when victory and independence had been gained, through the wisdom of national councils, and the valor of national arms, Congress could not obtain, and it was unable to require, the allegiance of those very States whose sovereignty it had acquired. The Articles had become endeared to the people during the Revolution, because of the agency and supposed power of the Government established thereon in prosecuting the war. Government is the sole efficient and legitimate power for the management of wars, and the people credited this Confederate Government with all the results which the general valor had obtained. But the dawning of peace lifted the veil from the inefficiency of the governmental machinery, as it did also from the hidden form of the goddess of liberty. The one shone out in the beauty and distinctness of novelty, while the other as sharply revealed the weakness and imbecility of the Federal Government. It disclosed the fact that the Articles of Confederation constituted a government with no substantial power. It revealed the existence of State jealousy of national power,—a jealousy which had its origin, and had been excited by the Colonial habit of resisting the superintending authority of the crown.

The general peril being removed, the restraining powers of the Congress, being easily avoided, were ignored by the

States. Requisitions for money were passed by. The veto of a single State could stop the efficiency of Government. Between the nominally governing and the nominally governed, there existed a state of anarchy. The Government was powerless; the federation, if acknowledged, was ignored by Europeans. England could perceive no substantive power to enforce the provisions of the Versailles Treaty, and France was hopeless of obtaining the payment of her loan to the Americans. In fact, the principle of this Government was false,—a union with no advantage of united strength; a compact among thirteen States, whose final decision could be defeated by the obstinacy or folly of the smallest member. Madison forcibly and briefly stated its character when, in the Virginia Convention for consideration of the submitted plan for a new government, he said: "A government which relies on thirteen independent sovereignties for the means of its existence is a solecism in theory and a mere nullity in practice."

The Confederation was so notoriously feeble that foreign powers were unwilling to form treaties with it. Five defects were glaringly apparent in the plan and working of the Government. There was an utter want of coercive power to exert the authority of its own constitutional measures. As men care little for persuasion without the backing of compulsion, it is no surprise that the recommendations of Congress should be passed unheeded. The people had grown to look to the State Governments more than to the National, because of their more direct influence and action.

Congress legislated not for individuals, but for States of a kind of sovereignty. The State Legislatures were little inclined to allegiance to the General Government, whose power was so conditional and uncertain, whose recommendations could never be followed by compulsion. State interference with national legislation finally reached to such a degree as to stop the very wheels of the National Government.

The Congress had not the power to tax and levy taxes, or to raise revenue to defray the ordinary expenses of the Government. The whole power intrusted to Congress, under this head, was that to ascertain the sums necessary to be raised for the service of the United States. The power to collect was exclusively in the States, and, as the weakness of Congress could not force the regular payment of these requisitions, it was natural that the State jealousy should be chary of supplies. A power over the purse is power over every efficient means of government. The requisitions due from the States were but tardily and partially paid. The Confederation declined in power and influence abroad, and sank deeper into its imbecility at home. Even the interest on the public debt, though provided for in Congressional requisitions, was not fully met by State payments.

The Congress was destitute of power to control and regulate either foreign or domestic commerce. It was idle and visionary to expect, that, while thirteen States could enact regulations of commerce, there would be systematic or efficient and beneficial laws which would operate for the public welfare. One great disadvantage of this was the inability of Congress to enact prohibitory commercial laws. The European maritime powers could enact laws practically prohibiting our shipping from carrying to or from their ports. The want of unanimity in State laws, and the absence of a national power over this subject, prevented suitable protection of our own interests. The Articles had never received popular ratification. They had been ratified by the State Legislatures, but this made the powers derivative from the States, not from the people collectively. All free government must trace its responsibility and delegated powers from the people, in order to be efficient.

The governmental powers were vested in one body. This union of powers is contrary to all the correct principles of government, and at once destroys the efficiency of the government, furnishes no

check upon its administration, and excites the jealousies and fears of the governed.

Other defects there were, but less detrimental to the national interests. These defects exhibit a weak and powerless league, and amply justify the criticism of Washington: "The Confederation appears to me to be little more than a shadow without substance, and Congress a nugatory body, their ordinances being little attended to." "In short, Congress may declare every thing, but can do nothing."

Justice Marshall vividly pictures the Confederation in these words: "A government authorized to declare war, but relying on independent States for the means of prosecuting it; capable of contracting debts, and of pledging the public faith for their payment, but depending on thirteen distinct sovereignties for the preservation of that faith, could only be rescued from ignominy and contempt, by finding those sovereignties administered by men exempt from the passions incident to human nature."

The inefficiency of Congress and the Confederation for the purposes of government was as clearly apparent to the statesmen of that day as it is now, and the wise men of "the time of our civil greatness," were not long in advocating such changes as would better suit the requirements of our independence and national sympathies. That the opinion of this great need of reform was quite general, is proved by the difficulty of finding the originator of the project: Many of the prominent men of that day are credited with the suggestion, and several of the States claim the initiatory steps in the movement. The Convention met at Philadelphia, on the second Monday in May, 1787. The members were singularly adapted to the purpose of the call. Wisdom, experience, caution of age, sufficient youthful fire, breadth of culture, patriotism, and Christian virtues, were among the many favorable and excellent traits which joined in the discussions. The purpose of the call is exhibited in the resolution of the New York Legis-

lature, instructing its Congressional representatives, where these words are found: "For the purposes of revising the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the United States of America, by such alterations and amendments as a majority of the representatives in such Convention shall judge proper and necessary to render them adequate to the preservation and support of the Union." The Convention early decided to frame a new Constitution, and not to restrict themselves to the express language of the call. Their four months of labor were presided over by the immortal Washington, and were closed on the 17th of September, when the proposed plan was signed by all but three of the members present.

The proposed plan was submitted to the Congress, and was, at their recommendation, submitted to conventions of the people for ratification. The spirit of the Constitution, and of the Convention which framed it, is apparent from the words of the report: "The Constitution is the result of a spirit of amity, and of that mutual deference and concession which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable." The people were as divided upon the matter of the worth of the proposed plan as were their representatives in the Convention. It was received enthusiastically, and hailed as an efficient and beneficent form of government by some, but by others was decried as likely to injure the welfare of the States, and be detrimental to the liberties of the people. The Constitution became a great ground for disputes. Pamphlets, and newspaper articles innumerable, appeared in defense or assault of the principles embodied in the system. Objections were raised against the system, in some States, because of the several organizations of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial departments. Objections in one State were diametrically opposed to the nature of objections in another. From the bitterness of the assaults upon these apparent imperfections, it would seem to have been the

expectation of the parties that omniscience and perfections of virtue would characterize the members of the Convention, and that a perfect, universally satisfactory system would be the result of their debates. Of the publications which then appeared for or against the Constitution, most were of a transitory nature, and but few—the "Publius" articles, afterward published under the title of "The Federalist," for instance—have come down to us as worthy a place upon our book-shelves. The new system, having been submitted to conventions of the people, was ratified by the requisite nine States (New Hampshire being the ninth), and, on the 2d of July, 1788, was referred to a committee to report an act for carrying it into operation. By this act the 4th of March was appointed as the time, and New York as the place, for the inauguration of the new government. The ratifications in the State Conventions were not all unanimous. Indeed, in several States, the strife was very bitter and protracted. The course of the debates shows how strongly State pride possessed the mind of the people. Fears were rife that the powers given to the Legislature (Congress) would result in the overthrow of the several State governments. The idea of a national government was repugnant to many, who asked, after the manner of Patrick Henry, "What right had they (the members of the Philadelphia Convention) to say 'We, the People,' instead of 'We, the States?'" Their idea was the defense of a confederation as distinguished from a nation. These fears were seconded by those arising concerning the power of taxation, the power over the militia, and the general extent of powers. One principal objection was found in the absence of an express "Bill of Rights." Of the objections, several found their way into the earlier enacted amendments. The friends and advocates of the new system ably defended their cause, freeing it of many of the asperities cast upon it by the malignity of designing men. Of these, the writers of the "Federalist" deserve credit which

can not be extended to many even of the great and wise men friendly to the cause. Their opinions have been almost uniformly consistent with practice and interpretations which have obtained under the Government. It will be interesting to close this article with a brief rescript of their views concerning the nature and extent of the Government. In regard to the character of the Constitution, Number Thirty-nine says: "The proposed Constitution, therefore, even when tested by the rules laid down by its

antagonists, is, in strictness, neither a national nor a federal Constitution, but a composition of both. In its foundation it is federal, not national; in the sources from which the ordinary powers of the Government are drawn, it is partly federal and partly national; in the operation of its powers, it is national, not federal; in the extent of them, again, it is federal and not national; and finally, in the authoritative mode of introducing amendments, it is neither wholly federal nor wholly national." W. P. THOMPSON.

A BACKWARD LOOK.

THE soft dew touches with silver fingers
 The sleeping rose, where a late bee lingers;
 Like pallid nuns through the purple bars
 Of their dim cloud-cloisters shine the stars;
 Still on the dusk of the mountain ledges
 Tremble the sunset's golden edges;
 Only the lily-bells chime and call,
 And the silent hush of the even-fall,
 Like the peace of God, drops over all.

The rhododendron is bowing low,
 Perchance it heareth some far wind blow;
 And the azalea turneth her scarlet cheek
 Toward some sweet presence with blush more meek;
 But I fancied the breezes were all at rest,
 For the ghostly surge that is beating the breast
 Of the patient sand I can hear no more,
 Though its white hands beckon me down to the shore.

Vainly ye chide and beckon, O waves,
 Moan and weep alone in your caves.
 Footsteps walk when the world is still;
 Forms that come and go at their will,
 Out of the silence vast and deep,
 Wake the soul from its twilight-sleep,—
 I stand on the shore of another sea,
 And other the hands that beckon to me.

'T was in the days when my life was new,
 And its morning roses were wet with dew,
 That over an ocean dread and dark,
 Solemnly floated a wizard bark.
 He at the rudder was cold and pale,

And spake no word in the fiercest gale;
But the oarsmen twain, when the storm was drear,
Crooned a song no mortal could hear;
And, 'twixt the shadows on either hand,
The form of a maiden seemed to stand,
With brow uplift like a shrine of prayer
'Neath the gloaming shade of her wavy hair.

Blossoming Spring-tides rose and fell
Many a year on forest and dell;
Still were the roses rare and sweet,
But the thorns grew sharp to a woman's feet;
And again o'er the waters, weird and gray,
The mystical boat was plying its way.
Was it a fog-bell heard in sleep,
Waking the calm of the mist-hung deep?
Nay; 't was a rapture of tremulous strings,
And the low, light flutter of myriad wings.

And one was borne to the Summer land,
Who, tarrying, watched from the shining sand;
And her violet eyes shone heavenly clear,
Till their pleading pierced through the night-fall drear,
And a saintly pilgrim with silver hair,
Arose to answer the voiceless prayer;
The haze lay white on the hither shore,
Yet we heard the plash of the speeding oar,
And, yonder, I think they've woven now
A "heart's-ease" crown for the weary brow.

The lonely pilgrims shall work and wait,
Till the Master whispers, "It groweth late,"
And biddeth the dark-browed helmsman come,
In the midnight watch to bear them home.
Soft in memory's moonlight gilded,
Glimmers the homestead earth hath builded;
Yet the household loves from its eaves have flown,
And a stranger stands on the threshold stone.
But my soul climbs up on the starlit slope
Of the evening calm to a height of hope;
Wandering gleams, by the sea fog sifted,
Sun my heart, and the gloom is lifted,—
I see but a reach of wet, wild sands,
And the sobbing waves, but beyond them stands,
Crowned with the flush of the Summer lands,
The house of our Father, "not made with hands."

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

EISENACH AND ITS CASTLE.

IT was Saturday when we came to Eisenach, and cast anchor for over Sabbath in the "Anker Hof." The bottom, upon which we should hold or drag, was solid enough, if stones could make it so. We entered our hotel by a passage paved with cobble-stones, planted through the lower story of the house, and ending in an open court, where the bowlders stranded and stuck before the Cotta family arrived, or the castle was founded, for aught I know.

On one side of the passage were the eating-rooms, the floors sifted with white sand, and a stairway leading to the lodging-rooms above; on the other side were cook-rooms, ovens, kennels, etc. Surrounding the court were lodgings for man and beast,—for horses, cattle, dogs, doves, and chickens. They were of many sizes and shapes; with roofs sharp and peaked, red-tiled or thatched ones, green with moss, or black with decay. Some of these structures bulged and seemed ready to burst asunder; some were gorged with straw, that stuck out at the open ends, and fairly groaned to be eaten. Lordly cocks strutted about in the court, and pecked at nothing, and made believe scratch, and domineered over the whole feathery family, just as they do at home.

To get to our room, we went up the stairway and through narrow, bare halls, devoid of light, save one tallow candle at the first landing; made many crooks and turns, and brought up in a room just as much like any other German lodging-room as you can imagine,—two narrow beds, with a feather-bed to sleep on and one to cover with, the upper one in a case like a big bolster, and, during the day, the whole covered with a white spread, over pillows and all, and hanging down to the floor, giving the bed a humpbacked, grannyish look, ludicrous in the extreme; a table, sofa, two long candles, and a fire-temple in the corner,

ascending to the ceiling, like a high, narrow wardrobe, though often they rise in platforms and square pillars, and end in turrets and spires. The first call we had was from the barber, next morning before we were up, who came to do the shaving. As he was not admitted, I can not say whether he carried the insignia of his profession with him or not,—two brass plates, instead of a striped pole, as with us.

Our landlord was a round-faced, gentle little man, who had been to America, and knew something of our ways. He went himself half-way with us to the castle that afternoon, talking half in German, and half in broken English, of the churches, of Luther, of the castle, and the beautiful little valley leading toward the Wartburg, and then left us to finish our jaunt alone.

We sat down on a stone by the way to rest, and look. The compact town we had left a half-hour before lay far down in the cup made by ascending mountains, its red roofs burning in the afternoon sun. The pine forests wall it in almost as closely now as when Else and her brothers hunted among them for dead branches and sticks, and feared the spirits of the woods, and listened to legends from their gentle cousin. This may be the very spot that Offerus met one of his masters. At least, it is here that Eva rehearsed the legend of St. Catherine, which alone can give the key to the many paintings styled "The Nuptials of St. Catherine." What can it mean, that every gallery should have a picture of a Mary, with the infant Christ in her arms, and St. Catherine kneeling at her feet, and this be called "Marriage of St. Catherine?" Did a Catherine marry the infant Savior? The question seems sacrilege, and the answer no less so. The following is the legend of St. Catherine:

Catherine was the only child of the

King and Queen of Egypt. She was left an orphan at the age of fourteen. She was beautiful and rich, and did not care for pomp and dress,—remarkable girl! She shut herself up in the palace, and studied the stars and philosophy, and grew more wise than the wise men of the East. But the Diet of Egypt resolved that she must marry. They sent a deputation to her, who asked:

"If we shall find a prince beautiful beyond any, superior to all philosophers in wisdom, of noble mind and richest inheritance, will you marry him?"

The aspiring maiden replied: "He must be so noble that all men will worship him, so great that I shall never think that I have made him king, so rich that none shall ever say that I enriched him, so beautiful that the angels of God shall desire to behold him. If you find such a prince, he shall be my husband, and the lord of my heart."

Now, this ambitious young woman had a hermit living in a cave on her place. That self-same night the hermit had a vision, and, like the dutiful subject that he was, he came and made it known to his queen. He told her that the king who should be lord of her heart was none other than the Son of the Holy Mary; and he presented her with a picture of the Virgin and Child, which he had received from the individuals to whom he had been presented during the vision, whoever they may have been.

From that time the queen neglected the stars, Socrates, and Plato, and kept the picture always with her. In due time, the queen had a vision of her own. She was met on the top of a mountain by a company of angels dressed in white, wearing chaplets of white lilies. According to court etiquette, the queen fell on her face before her superiors. But they said, "Stand up, dear sister Catherine, and be right welcome," and led her to another company dressed in purple, and wearing chaplets of red roses, where the same ceremony was observed; when they took her by the hand, and led her into an inner chamber, into the pres-

ence of Queen Mary, sitting in state, and introduced her in the following style:

"Our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Empress of Heaven, and Mother of the King of Blessedness, be pleased that we present unto thee this, our sister, whose name is in the Book of Life, beseeching you to accept her as your daughter and handmaid."

The Blessed Lady arose, smiled, and led Catherine into the presence of her Son. But, alas! he turned from her sadly, saying, "She is not fair enough for me." Then Catherine awoke. The words, "She is not fair enough for me," rang in her ears all day, and until she became a Christian and was baptized. Then a naughty tyrant put her to cruel tortures, and deprived her of her head. Then angels took her body and laid it in a white marble tomb on Mount Sinai, and the Lord Christ received her soul, and welcomed her to heaven as his pure and spotless bride. And so she has lived ever since in heaven, and is the sister of the angels.

I wonder at which of those doors, down there, good Aunt Ursula appeared, and beckoned to the boy, Luther, to come get something to eat; and then took him in for the rest of his stay in Eisenach, not including his return in after life, when he was entertained at the Wartburg. I wonder if the charity students wore stove-pipe hats then, as they do now, and black gowns; and did they ever run and kick up their heels? I know Luther and some other boys did once at Magdeburg, when the farmer came out with some cold victuals, and called out with such a harsh voice, "Boys, where are you?" that they ran off as fast as their legs could carry them. I think Luther and his comrades could not have excelled the singing of nowadays; but times have changed, in that the bands of white-faced, spindling fellows, like cranes, in flapping skirts and top-knots, who sing under the windows of every house, the whole length of the street, at twilight and later, expect something more substantial than cold victuals. But the

sun creeps away from the valleys, and the shadows are creeping in after him; and this is our last chance to see the Wartburg. A narrow foot-path, steep, broken, and washed by rains, is the nearest cut. We mount up rapidly, or stop to pant for breath. We draw ourselves, by twigs and a long stretch, three feet at a time, or loose our hold and sink back, held by wood-nymphs, or, perchance, the evil spirits that terrified Luther. To tell the truth, I have so little acquaintance among the genii that rule the winds and storms, and roam the mountains and the moors, that I am not quite sure that, at first sight, I could tell an evil-minded one from a good one.

We did not have to beat and bang at the gate-way, though we were inclosed by walls and massive gates and narrow passes, and an open court and parapets and battlements, and, I suppose, every thing else that belongs to an old castle; though I must confess that we were in such a hurry, for fear we would be too late, that I do not remember very much about it, only the impression of strength and age and exalted height which it gave.

At first, we did not know where to go, and nobody seemed to *care* where we went. It seemed that the guard on duty was not alarmed at our presence so long as we did not attempt to pass him; and, from every indication, the governor of the castle, Von Arnswold, had all the household servants employed serving his dinner. Finally, a cook rushed out into the court in breathless haste, and told us, in an awful jargon of German, English, and French, that it was too late, and the guide was engaged. We, in our turn, insisted that we could not come back to-morrow (Sabbath), that this was our only chance, and we must, if possible, be admitted. Then, a little fellow who could speak French, but no English, whisked us through the public part of that castle about as quick as you could say Jack Robinson, if you did n't hurry about it.

The pictures are modern, and are only of interest as they embody the legends of the castle. Aside from these, and the

pulpit and altar in the chapel, where Luther preached; and, on a pillar to the left of the pulpit, two swords from the Thirty Years' War, used by Gustavus Adolphus, King of the Swedes, and Bernhard, Duke of Weimar, in the defense of the Lutheran faith; and the great banqueting hall with the prince's bridge, where the court took their seats, with a gallery above where the people were allowed to look on, there is nothing left to seek for but the room where "Junker George" lived for ten months.

Luther's Room is in what they call the Knight's House. It is small, and has but one window, which even yet looks out upon a dense forest. The furniture is said to be the same as when "Junker George" inhabited this "Isle of Patmos." Pictures of Luther and his parents hang over the table, painted by Lucas Kranach, who certainly excelled in caricature, and was unconscious of his gift. However much the devil may be accused of making his advances under cover, for once he came out face to face, and stepped up between the stove and the table, in the most convenient place possible for Luther to see him. Indeed, Luther could not have avoided seeing him, unless he had shut his eyes, or turned to look out of the window. His Satanic majesty left his card on the wall, which is now about gone, so anxious are people to obtain his address. The very fact that Luther entertained such visitors, though in a summary manner sometimes, proves that he had a hot head; that he had cold feet is equally well substantiated by the vertebra of an antediluvian animal upon which he toasted his feet before the stove. Over the door hangs the cuirass and visor, which, no doubt, he wore when in the chase in the Thuringian forests he beheld the image of the devil sitting on his dogs; and when a young hare was caught, and he wrapped it carefully in his cloak, and carried it into a thicket, delighted at the prospect of liberating it, and set it down, only to see the long-eared dogs scent and kill it, he uttered a groan, and exclaimed, "O, pope! and thou too, Satan!"

The war of the minstrels took place in the Minstrel's Hall, which is now almost entirely new by restoration. The fresco paintings, modern, tell the story, which I will give to you in a pen-picture, which I assure you will be easier to read than the frescoes:

Once, Landgrave Hermann I, of Thuringia, assembled at the Wartburg five poets—so-called minstrels. He took great pleasure in them because he himself was the hero of their songs. Once he invited his brother-in-law, Leopold, Duke of Austria, who brought with him his minstrel, who was far-famed, called Henry of Ofterdingen: Then the minstrels tried to see which should excel in the fine things they sang about their sovereigns. Henry of Ofterdingen sang of Leopold, with great audacity: "From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, the whole world praises the noble hero of Austria; all princes are a shadow compared to him, he is like the sun."

At this praise the five minstrels of Hermann got enraged, and rose up in contest against Henry, agreeing that he who should be conquered should die by the hangman's hand. As might be expected, the five against one prevailed, and poor Henry was about to be seized by the hangman when he begged the Landgravine to save him. She obtained one year's delay for him, and sent him off to Hungary to secure Klinsor as arbitrator. Now, Klinsor was also a famous minstrel, and, what was better still, was supposed to be in communication with the devil. Klinsor, with Henry, flew over from Hungary to the Wartburg in a single night. Whether Klinsor took Henry on his back or under his arm, or whether they rode broomsticks, I can not tell. But I suppose, perhaps, neither; for the artist makes Klinsor appear in the clouds seated upon a hell-hound, and it is probable that, if the animal would carry double, Henry rode behind him. Klinsor decided in favor of Henry, and they returned together to Austria.

The Landgrave's Room is also decorated with paintings by Moritz von Schwind,

who had no idea of permitting the legends of the castle to die out, not while he could save them with paint and brush. This was the business room of the landgraves.

The first picture tells that once Landgrave Louis, the Springer (he who jumped from the castle at Wittekind into a boat on the Salle—which we know he could never have done unless he wore seven-league boots), chased a stag to the top of the mountain, and was so delighted with the view, that he told the mountain to wait, and it should be a castle: "Wart, Berg, du sollst eine Burg werden." The mountain graciously waited, and he built the castle; and from this command of his originated the name "Wartburg."

Another picture relates of Louis III, that, as he was a great lover of the chase, he went out hunting every day (it does not say what he did with the game), and left his nobles to manage the government, and these nobles oppressed and took advantage of the poor people. One day Louis got lost, and sought shelter in a smith's hut over night. The smith was a cunning man, and, presuming his guest to be the Landgrave, he began forging his iron very early in the morning and singing, over and over again, "Landgrave Louis, do get hard." After a while the Landgrave asked the smith the meaning of what he sang. Then the smith told of the violent, overbearing nobles, and of their oppression; and that the Landgrave was so careless and good-natured, that he suffered these things, and did not know of the sufferings of the poor. Then the Landgrave determined to "get hard," to be firm and abolish these abuses, and to punish the guilty. The nobles would not submit at first, and rose up against Louis, but he conquered after a time, and made every one of them *plow a whole field for so ruthlessly tyrannizing over the people.*

The best landgrave among them must have been St. Louis. At least he is the only one of them rejoicing in such a title. Now, whether it was because he died in the Crusades, or whether because he had a saint for his wife, I know not. If all

things be true that are related of him, he certainly showed signs of saintship in his own right. One day his lion got loose, and went roaring and raging about the castle, and no one dared to approach him. But when Louis heard of it, he went out fearlessly and called to the lion in a commanding voice, when the animal immediately crouched down, and suffered himself to be led into his cage.

One picture concerning this saint has the attractive title of "I am looking for my donkey." One day this saint rode down to Eisenach to visit the fair. While there, he saw a poor hawker, who was showing his wares. The saint asked him if the business was able to support him. The hawker replied: "Well, it might, my gracious lord, if I could only go hawking from place to place in security." Upon this, the saint gave him twenty florins for pocket-money, and ordered a safe-conduct for him. With great joy the hawker bought himself a donkey and traveled far and wide. He went to Venice and bought jewels, which he intended to offer at the court of St. Louis. But in Wurtzburg some naughty Franconian knights attacked him, and robbed him of his wares. In great distress the hawker traveled to the Wartburg and complained to Louis. Then the saint was enraged. He marched with his forces against Wurtzburg, and devastated the country round about, until the people asked why he made war upon them. "I am looking for my donkey," was the answer. Then the magistrate of Wurtzburg delivered up to him the two criminals, and the donkey with the wares. The picture portrays the joyful meeting of the donkey and the hawker, and, in token of peace, the saint sheathes his sword.

In the gallery leading to the chapel are frescoes representing scenes from the life of St. Elizabeth, the wife of this St. Louis, and medallions representing her acts of charity.

Landgrave Hermann I wanted Elizabeth for a wife for his son. He sent an ambassador for her, to the Hungarian court in the year 1211. In the first picture, the Landgrave is lifting the baby

Elizabeth out of her silver cradle in the carriage, while the boy bridegroom, Louis, is climbing up on the wheels to meet his betrothed. This Elizabeth in time grew so liberal that her husband forbade her charities. One day the bad Elizabeth (I mean the good Elizabeth) was slipping out with loaves of bread under her cloak, to give away, when she was met by her husband returning from the chase. He sked, "What are you carrying under your cloak?" The bad (I mean the good) Elizabeth answered, "They are roses." Then the St. Louis, to discover the deception of his terrified St. Elizabeth, lifts her cloak. When, behold! there are the most beautiful roses, into which, according to the legend, the loaves had been turned.

St. Louis went off to the Holy War. He joined the Crusade, and never came back. Then the brother-in-law to the St. Louis drove Elizabeth and her four little ones out in the storm, and away from the castle, because she gave so much to the poor; and no one in Eisenach dared take her in, because the Landgrave forbade. Then Elizabeth renounced the world, divided her goods among the poor, and became a nun at Marburg, where she died in 1231. A monk stands before her corpse, and is her confessor Conrad; her maid Isantrut hears a sweet song, which she says comes from angels, who are carrying the soul of St. Elizabeth to heaven.

It is well to state that Elizabeth was not rightfully a saint until four years after her death, when Pope Gregory IX canonized her, and buried her remains in the Church of Marburg, at which time the Emperor Frederick II, Conrad, the Master of the German Knight Order, and the bishops, carried her coffin; the Emperor barefooted and in the dress of a penitent. At least so says that modern artist with the hard name.

Sabbath morning we went to church in the "market kirche," where Luther met the protest from the parish priest, when on his way back from the Diet of Worms, and heard a sermon from a man in a black gown and black skull-cap, in a little bird-cage pulpit, swung up in mid-air,

while the people looked on from their isolated positions in the lofty galleries, each one about as much secluded and about as cold as if he were sitting on the North Pole.

In the afternoon the populace of Eisenach were highly entertained by a be-spangled individual, who, with much pomp of preparation, walked a rope

stretched from the house-tops, across a public square, going through with all the gyrations, genuflections, and gesticulations usual to such a performance, in the midst of which, or rather between acts, a collection was taken up, showing conclusively that the people were determined to do something religious on the Sabbath.

SUE M. D. FRY.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE wise man who said so many good things gave utterance to the sentiment, in reference to human passion for amusement:

"I said of laughter, it is mad!
And of mirth, what doeth it?"

Certainly, all laughter is not insane, all mirth is not madness. Mirth and laughter have their uses as well as abuses. The art of using nature's gifts without abusing them, is the one which mankind most needs to acquire. The chief vice of humanity is excess. It is not necessary, because certain powers are abused and used to excess, to pass to the opposite extreme, and abstain from their use altogether. It is a mistake to suppose that we must not laugh. The great master of character, Shakespeare, contrasts the two classes,—the over-mirthful and the over-reserved:

"Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpipe;
And others of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth by way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

The first and most prominent use of mirthfulness is the part it plays in the development of childhood. The young of all animals are playful, and none more so than the human species. With the earliest dawn of intelligence, smiles flit across the face of the infant. It is a happy day in the household when the baby begins to laugh. Brothers and

sisters and parents greet its awkward efforts with responsive smiles, or a full chorus of boisterous cachinnation.

With childhood, the whole business of life is amusement. The muscles are all developed in sport and play. The foundations of manly strength, endurance, and beauty, are laid in mirth and fun and frolic. To instructed reason, the restless activities of childhood seem random and aimless; they are all earnest and real to childhood itself. To the child, play means business; sport and labor are synonymous. This is nature's own work, and those parents and guardians greatly err who attempt to repress these impulses, and to thwart nature, instead of quietly and judiciously guiding these intuitive manifestations to right uses and into proper channels.

As well attempt to check the caroling of birds as the caroling of childhood; as well try to control the gambols of lambs as the gambols of childhood. The outgushing merriment of youth is natural and irrepressible. It is vain to attempt to make men and women out of children prematurely; nature opposes her voice to the process, and shows nothing more monstrous than the manners and ways of maturity fitted to a mere infant. We must heed the teachings of nature in this regard, and let children be children, or their physical, mental, and social constitutions will suffer. The things of child-

hood belong to childhood. Its natural aliment is life and sport and fun; its waking hours ring with merry laughter, and its slumbers are dimpled with smiles.

In mature years, cheerfulness is indispensable, and a certain amount of mirthfulness is needed to promote physical health and well-being, to unbend the faculties from the strain of labor, to aid social intercourse, and, indirectly, to minister to religious feeling.

The bulk of mankind has ever sought for modes of amusing leisure, and promoting cheerfulness, relaxation, and recreation. All people and all ages have had their social gatherings, festive occasions, holidays, diversions, sports and games, shows, and mimetic exhibitions. The children and youths of the Egyptians and Hebrews had their child sports and child toys. They had dolls and balls and games; and Zechariah marks it as one of the happinesses of restored Jerusalem that "the streets of the city shall be full of girls and boys playing in the streets thereof." Christ used the sports of children for one of his illustrations. He, whose eye nothing escaped, noticed that children played at wedding and funeral; and he compared certain persons to children sitting in the market-place, calling out to each other in their play, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented."

In the days of Herodotus, the religious festivals of the Egyptians were numerous, and occasions of great merry-making and license. Dancing naked in the presence of their idols was not unusual. The Jews, just out of Egypt, imitated the Egyptians, and danced naked around the golden calf which Aaron set up in the desert. Of manly sports, such as the Greeks delighted in, the Jews seem to have been almost destitute. Their place was supplied by solemn religious festivals. The erection of theaters and circuses in the cities of Judea by the Romans was viewed by the nation with

disgust and abhorrence. The early Christians had no reason to love pagan amphitheaters. It was in those magnificent structures, adorned with all the rich devices of Grecian art, that they were exposed for the sport of the rabble, and compelled to fight with wild beasts. Thousands, both Jews and Christians, were destroyed in the theaters of Rome and other imperial cities to amuse brutal mobs.

The Greek passion for festivals, games, boxing, running, leaping, wrestling, hurling quoit and javelin, poetical and oratorical contests, and theatricals of every description, is well known. The excess to which they carried these exercises is notorious. Their objects were to worship the gods, commemorate persons of merit, and to secure rest, recreation, union, harmony, and social feeling between peoples and States.

Music and dancing and poetry, at first used to glorify gods and heroes, degenerated into a wanton character. In the feasts of Bacchus, persons of both sexes ran about the hills and deserts, dancing ridiculously, and imitating men drunk, or deranged in intellect. In Rome, the festivals of Bacchus became such wild and licentious orgies that they were abolished by the Senate. It may be noted as an instance of the degrading tendencies of cultivated jollity, that there is no god of antiquity of whom there exists so great a variety of representations, bas-reliefs, and gems as of the god of drunkenness and drunkards.

Every nation in the world has had some kind of dramatic representation. Africans, Indians, Hindoos, Greeks, Egyptians, and Chinese have had their mimetic exhibitions, dialogues, recitations, burlesque or grotesque shows, dance, and song. In China, every temple has its stage, and gods as well as men are supposed to be entertained and amused with the action. The remains of theaters and amphitheaters are the most stupendous and striking ruins of antiquity, more numerous and imposing perhaps than those of palaces and temples

themselves. These structures were designed, not for daily use, but annual; not for the few, but for whole cities and even nations; not for selfish gratification merely, but for solemn religious national festivals, on a scale of surpassing grandeur.

Modern drama was revived by the Roman priests of the Middle Ages in what were called the "miracle plays." Forbidden to read the Bible and to attend secular plays, the churches were converted into theaters, and out of the Bible were acted scenes that included in the dialogue apostles and prophets, patriarchs, angels, heaven, hell, purgatory, and even God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The whole machinery of Romish worship is theatrical, made up of dress, music, bowings, marches, prostrations, chantings, recitations,—a sort of holy opera, a performance for the eyes and ears of worshipers, every-where paralleled, and often outdone in barbaric splendor, in the temples of heathendom.

Modern times have brought modern amusements, or, rather, modern modifications of old ones. Thanks to the refining influence of Christianity and civilization, the bloody spectacles of former ages are mostly done away. An American woman would faint without effort, and an American man of average nerves would not be much to blame for following her example, were they to witness the mangling surgery with which Roman, Spanish, and English ladies of fashion used to amuse themselves,—slaves and criminals and war-captives lacerated by the cruel fangs of wild beasts, naked gladiators in the death-grapple, disemboweled matadores dangling from the horns of enraged bulls, bears baited with bull-dogs, and the more classic displays of the turf and ring, latest illustrated in the bloody knockdowns of Heenan, Sayers, Hyer, and King.

Horse-racing, every-where a strong passion with humanity, is, in England, a national institution, and the Derby-day is treated to Parliamentary consideration, like the Queen's birthday or Christ-

mas. In our own country, we have every species of mirth-provoking apparatus, all those known to former ages, and some that are indigenous to American soil. In most metropolitan towns, the theater rivals the Church in influence. From being entirely religious, as of old, and as among the Chinese of to-day, the theater has become entirely secular. Rivaling the theater in influence, we have the Italian opera, balls, masquerades, games of chance, games of skill, circuses, menageries, shows, concerts, negro minstrelsy, comic lectures, comic journals, and every kind of exhibition, scientific and unscientific, decent and indecent, that will "draw,"—and there are few that will not draw money out of somebody's pocket. The public halls of our cities and villages are in requisition every night in the week for some kind of recreating amusement, show, lecture, or representation.

The theater has always been a seductive form of amusement, and yet Christian moralists, even of a low type, have fought shy of the theater, while the more strict and puritanic have shunned it as the very gate of hell. The Christian opinion of the ancient theaters was any thing but flattering. Cyril called on converts to "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomps of this world, stage-plays, and like vanities." Tertullian said those who "renounce the devil and all his works can not go to a stage-play without turning apostates." Augustine, Cyprian, Basil, and Clement of Alexandria, were equally vehement in the denunciation of the stage. Chrysostom "loudly exclaims against such as can listen to a comedy and an evangelical preacher with the same ears."

A few years ago, Dr. Bellows, Unitarian, made a strong plea in behalf of the theater, urging the innocence and positive necessity of amusement; the intrinsic innocency and positive usefulness of the theater as a style of amusement; the duty of Christians to elevate and purify the theater by countenance and patronage, instead of degrading it by

neglect and reprehension. If we were to allow that there is nothing intrinsically wrong in dramatic representations, we must maintain that the Church has failed signally in all efforts to purify and reform the theater. Hannah More tried the experiment of writing religious dramas, founded on scenes in the Old Testament. They were a failure. Johnson denounced the theater. The moral character of actors we need not dwell upon. It is better than it used to be, no doubt, from the presence of women on the stage. The character of the popular drama is another serious objection to the theater. The outspoken vulgarity of Shakespeare's plays was peculiar to the times in which he lived. The drama of the eighteenth century ought to be better than the sixteenth; but it riots in profanity and vulgarity. What is its staple? Every married couple in high life is supposed to be engaged in some vile, adulterous amour; and every girl in low station, as barmaid, milkmaid, or chamber-maid, is fair game for the insulting advances of the young rakes and *routs* of the aristocracy.

In the time of the war, Sheridan's "Rivals" was performed by an amateur company of young gentlemen and ladies in an Eastern city, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. A gentleman, present at the representation told the writer that there were innuendoes uttered in the play that never would have been tolerated in the drawing-room for a moment; such as no young lady ought to listen to; and that her listening to them at all could only be apologized for on the ground that she was ignorant of their meaning. In Goldsmith's play, "She Stoops to Conquer," a virtuous young lady listens, without blushing, to her lover's open avowals of libertinism, and then marries him. Fancy a young woman of any principle hearing such a character of her lover from his own lips, and then making him her husband!

In a timely work, Dr. Buckley has analyzed some scenes of the latest plays of the metropolitan stage, and finds

those of the nineteenth century fully as deficient in decency and decorum as those of the sixteenth or eighteenth.

Dr. Bellows argues that the frequent presence of religious people would purify the theater. All the influence that theaters yield to is outside pressure. The theater of Boston, in the heart of Puritan New England, is more respectable than that of New York, as New York is more respectable than that of New Orleans, and as that of New Orleans is morally superior to that of Havana or Paris. The theaters are money-making, and must have representations that will pay. High tragedy and pure opera are voted a bore by the masses, who insist on vulgar comedy or low farce or trifling burletta, and prefer negro minstrelsy, with its burnt cork, stale jokes, clog-dance, banjo, and bones, to all the tragedies and operas in the world. There are thousands to whom the clown of the circus is the greatest man living, and to whom the climax of pleasurable excitement is to visit a filthy menagerie of half-dead animals in a reeking day in July, and stand for hours giggling at monkeys in caps and jackets riding ponies in a ring. Classes a shade higher find heaven in witnessing the nude ballet of the "Black Crook," "Formosa," "Paraguay," "White Fawn," and other gorgeous displays of nudity that have degraded public taste, and called forth the anathemas of the public press in both hemispheres.

Dr. Vincent, Presbyterian, apologizes for dancing as Dr. Bellows apologizes for theaters. The Church of England classes it among innocent recreations, in which the wives and daughters of even clergymen may partake, though it is not exactly *au fait* for a minister himself to take the floor. It is sometimes apologized for on the ground that it is Biblical. The Bible says, "A time to dance;" but whether by way of approval or disapproval, does not appear. It is said that dancing is mentioned in Scripture as part of religious worship. So it is; and as performed by the Jews would be as unexceptionable as the religious dancing of

the modern Shakers, which lovers of the ball-room would regard as exceedingly stupid and ridiculous. Jewish dancing was usually performed by women, and always by the sexes alone. David "danced before the ark of the Lord with all his might," a style of dancing with which the most rigid Puritan would not find fault, and a style common with the Southern negro worship at this day. The objection to the modern dance is, that it is *not* before the Lord, but is for the mere purpose of selfish amusement, and not an ebullition of religious joy. But, "there is no harm in dancing in the social circle." If dancing had always restricted itself to the social circle, no moralist would have lifted up his voice against it. But, from dancing in the "social circle," young men and women pass to public halls, saloons and hotels, hot suppers, late hours, whole nights of merry-making, and not unfrequently to ruin of health of body, mind, and morals, with a growing distaste for every thing solid, intellectual, and religious. But "dancing is good exercise." A little of it, perhaps; but in the extent to which it is used by pleaurists, physiologists urge that dancing is as frequently hurtful as beneficial, by calling into undue play only a certain set of muscles, and from the almost certain over-exercise and fatigue of those muscles. Gymnastics and Calisthenics and even croquet (one of the stupidest of games a *man* ever engaged in), properly used, are better for "exercise" than dancing. But what shall we say of waltzes, schottishes, polkas, round dances? We might parody Byron's celebrated description of battle, and say of a company of waltzers, whirling in close embrace:

"A splendid sight

To him who hath no wife or sister there."

Of amusements usually accounted innocent, there is often an extravagance and an excess that borders on insanity. Fashionable parties join together scores and hundreds who care nothing for each other, and thus create artificial manners and universal hypocrisy.

"What folly," says Herbert Spencer, "underlies our whole system of grand dinners, 'at homes,' and evening parties, assemblages made up of many who never met before, many others who just bow to each other, many others indifferent, and only a few friends, lost in the general mass!" All is artificial, all are disguised, all are masked. The whole thing is condemned by its abettors as folly. It is a "gigantic mistake, an organized disappointment," gotten up to pander to fashion, to foster political connections, or to marry off daughters.

"There needs a Protestantism in social usages." "Pleasure is coy: she will not be caught by him who pursues her." Expense and waste are fearful. Paris expends fifteen thousand dollars and New York twenty-five thousand dollars an evening, on amusements alone.

Amusements are beyond degree hurtful when they become the business rather than the accidents of life. It is vain to erect costly apparatus for generating pleasure. Excitement there may be, but not real pleasure. Pleasure-seekers squander time and money, prove faithless to employers, become dishonest, and often destroy their own prospects and blast their own good name forever. Relaxation is near neighbor to temptation. God has meted out to each one of us a certain measure of that which we call pleasure. It is impossible to increase the quantity. Our only option is whether we will spread it over a large surface and protract the enjoyment through a long life, or whether we will dissipate and consume it in a few short years. In what sized doses will we take it? Shall it be a well-spent fortune, or an estate squandered in a day? Like the pearl of Cleopatra, dissolved in acid, we but put the cup to our lips and swallow a whole fortune in a single draught. Intense desire for gratification ends in intense selfishness. We shudder to think of the tortures inflicted on the contestants of the ancient amphitheater to gratify the caprices of a heartless audience, intent upon nothing but its own enjoyment. Modern audiences have as great

a power of torturing their favorites as those of ancient Rome; yet it seldom occurs to those who are roaring with laughter at the witticisms of the stage, how tiresome and stupid and painful the whole affair often is to the actors themselves. Professional wits are often to be pitied. It was with an aching heart, and under the pressure of a great family bereavement, that Douglas Jerrold sat down to his task, and convulsed the world with laughter over Mrs. Caudle's Lectures. A gentleman in London was complaining to a stranger in a coffee-room of exceedingly low spirits.

"You should go," said the other, "and hear Foote, the comedian; his side-splitting jokes would drive away your melancholy."

"Alas," said the first speaker, "I am Foote himself."

Pleasure flies pleasure-makers, as she flies pleasure-seekers. To both laughter is madness, and mirth foolishness. The insane heartlessness of pleasure-seekers is proverbial. In the presence of awful Sinai, clouds and blackness, thundering and earthquakes, the children of Israel sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play. Nero fiddled in the midst of the fires and agony of burning Rome. Paris danced frantically within ear-shot of the dull thud of the guillotine in 1789. And the nailing down of coffins in every house produced no perceptible check to popular merriment during the terrible cholera season of 1830. In 1846, the writer was a passenger on a lake steamer from Buffalo to Chicago. A knot of gamblers occupied the bar-room saloon and played without cessation night and day, insensible to every thing but the excitement of the game. At Milwaukee a German immigrant fell from the gang-plank, and was drowned between the boat and the wharf. The body was soon brought to the surface and passed through the bar-room of the boat, on its way to the saloon. The table occupied by the gamblers blocked the passage. They neither gave way nor ceased playing nor looked up, and only muttered a few curses, as the

dripping corpse was passed over their heads by kindly hands. Pleasure-hunters are "mad," and it is vain to attempt to reason with the insane.

Though all the rest of the world should go mad, what have Christians to do with trifling? What have they to do with pursuits that insure the absolute death of religious enjoyment? In these days amusement-making is a business. Individuals and companies make their living and accumulate fortunes by amusing their fellow-men. Manufacturing amusement is as regular a business as the manufacture of cottons and broadcloth. There are genuine amusements and counterfeits. What they can not supply in forms of real benefit to mankind, they will make up in cheap and taking substitutes. Counterfeits are all abroad, and humbug, shoddy, are found on every hand. Bogus entertainments are as common as quack medicines, and a man needs all his wits about him to save being imposed on by appearances. Every week something new and astonishing bursts upon the public in frightful capitals,—amusements that make the shimplasters crawl in every boy's pocket.

Christians have need to exercise great discretion in reference to amusements not positively sinful. Example is contagious, and every parent is aware how much self-denial it is necessary to practice on account of children.

There is comedy and tragedy enough in real life, without seeking it on the stage. There are follies enough to laugh at, vices enough to hate, catastrophes enough to pity in every day's experience, without resorting to theaters to have our mirth excited or our sympathies enlisted. Real life is more romantic than romance, more poetic than poetry, more tragic than tragedy, more comic than caricature.

To a philosopher's mind, the world resembles a vast mad-house, whose maniac inmates pride themselves on their own mental soundness, and laugh at the madness of their fellows. It takes fools to mock at folly. The world to-day is as full of madmen and idiots as when every

monarch had his jester, and hourly saw majesty reflected in the fool's cap and bells.

In this age, the people is king, and, like its royal predecessors, is never weary of looking at its own likeness in the clowns of the stage and ring. Verily, this is the monkey-side of humanity!

Thank heaven, it has a better side! When will men learn it? When will philosophy and religion instill into us true views of human life? When will men learn to prefer the solid and staple to the frivolous and flashy? When will the intellectual and spiritual take the place of the sensual?

Life is essentially toiling and anxious, a scene of labor, sadness, and sorrow. Beyond the inculcation of cheerfulness and suitable relaxation from labor, the effort to enliven life with mere amusement is as lugubrious as the effort to enliven a funeral with jokes, or to render a tomb, lined with moldy coffins, a pleasant habitation.

The horrible orgies of the Middle Ages, called the "Dance of Death," were ghastly representations, but not altogether caricatures, of real life. It requires no Scotch second sight or diary of a London physician to convert the beauty and bloom, the floating gauze and feathers, lights, hum, and music, of the ball-room into visions of shrouds and coffins, skeletons, silence, darkness, and death. What time have we, who have so much to do, and so little space to do it in, to play the butterfly, or, worse, to put on masquerade of fashion, and play the fool? Men with serious business on hand are not given to cachinnation. The great Washington seldom laughed. His negro serv-

ant said, "He never showed his teeth; he did all his laughing inside." It is not wrong to laugh; but it is out of place to make laughter a life business. There is not a joke in the whole Bible. Think of Christ amusing his disciples with laughable anecdotes! Think of Paul and Silas diverting the tedium of imprisonment with cards! Think of Peter and John and the holy Marys at a dance! Think of the devout Cornelius in the theater of Cæsarea, laughing at the coarse buffoonery of Aristophanes!

With the Christian, amusement should be the exception, not the rule. Religion has its merriments. In the death-hour, when the world's merriment is at an end, that of the Christian is just begun. The songs which express a Christian's joy through life, are the very songs he sings in the hours of his dissolution.

In heaven, the Christian finds the same pleasure that he enjoyed on earth, mingles in the same society, partakes of the same holy praise, overflows with the same exuberant joy. What would the worldling do in heaven? What would he do without the theaters, cards, balls, races, sensual stimulants, earthly excitements? The world is bright if lightened by the rays of God. All the other lights are false and phosphorescent. Religious joys are lasting. All others are fleeting tinsel and glitter. Job saw the destiny of the wicked;

"They take the timbrel and harp,
And rejoice at the sound of the organ;
They spend their days in wealth,
And in a moment go down to the grave."

The Christian needs not the spectacles of earth; his visions are rapt in the glories of heaven.

EDITOR.

SATURDAY A PREPARATION-DAY.

CHRISTIANITY is a systematic whole, and not a conglomeration of dissimilar and antagonistic principles. With authority it calls the attention of its friends, not only to its generalities, but also to its details. Not only is the Bible to be received as a book of revelations, but every precept therein is to be received as uttered with divine authority. Each divine precept is to be carefully studied, not only as to its meaning, but also as to the manner in which it may be most faithfully obeyed. "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," is one of God's plain commands, whose meaning, and the conditions necessary to a faithful obedience, are not, it is to be feared, sufficiently understood by the majority of Christian people. The meaning too often indicated by the life of Christians is, "Remember to keep the holy Sabbath," and in some sense by all Christians it is kept. But that it is to be kept "*holy*," is a meaning that is strange to many; and that, in order to an acceptable compliance with this commandment, a special preparation is necessary, may also be to many a new, strange thought.

To the ancient Hebrews it was neither new nor strange after the lesson of the manna-gathering, and after the punishment of the man who "was found gathering sticks on the Sabbath-day." To the Jew, the six days of work involved the idea of preparation for the Sabbath, just as the Sabbath of rest involved the idea of preparation for the days of labor that were to follow. The Fourth Commandment is the only one of the Decalogue that is accompanied with instructions as to the manner of its observance. And this is the instruction: "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant,

nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates."

It ought not to be considered strange by any child of God that a special preparation is necessary to a faithful and acceptable observance of the holy Sabbath. That preparation is essential to success in all secular matters is fundamental. Why should it be thought unessential in matters greater than secular? If to rise to positions of honor and trust in this world requires preparation, surely, to rise to positions of honor and of trust in the kingdom of heaven requires nothing less.

The reason why the day preceding the Sabbath is so widely disregarded as a preparation-day may be an underestimate of the value of the Sabbath to all our interests,—social, domestic, intellectual, and moral. National holidays are regarded as having great value, and every body expects to get back, socially or financially, more than was expended in preparing for them. But the Sabbath is the world's holiday, whose faithful observance is attended by promises of richest blessing upon person, property, home, and country. The more holy the day is kept, the richer both the present and the future reward. Or the reason may be an ambition that is so far unsanctified that it will not permit us to relinquish our hold on the world sufficiently long to get ready for an enjoyable Sabbath. Or it may be a selfishness that blinds us to the necessity of taking Sabbath matters into consideration beforehand. Or it may be an indifference, from which we are not aroused, either by personal responsibilities, the Divine command, or the consequences of moral action.

As results, we have, *first*, unenjoyable Sabbaths. We enter upon the day from our shops, our farms, or from a restless Saturday night, to find our perceptions dull, our whole system weary, our brain whirling with the ungoverned thoughts

and cares of the week, so that often we have a positive disrelish for social means of grace, and for gracious privileges. *Second*, the violation of conscience—We place ourselves, apparently, outside of the boundaries of business life, to spend a "good Sabbath;" but on every side, through the pining, cares, responsibilities, duties, work, thrust their ugly heads, and demand attention, and we are forced into the performance of labor which we are ashamed to be seen doing, which we wish had been attended to before, which is inconsistent with religious devotion, which fills us with regrets, with shame, with repentings. *Third*, the neutralizing of expected good. Our approach to God is hindered, our prayers are hollow, and the blessing of the Lord is small and attenuated. These things, together with the thought that the commandment may have been positively and willfully broken, are sufficient to make us weary and sick of religious life, and to separate us from it forever.

The preparation should be both temporal and spiritual. On Saturday, let the Sabbath toilet be performed as far as possible,—such as hair-cutting, shaving, the weekly bath, and boot-blackening; let the Sunday clothes be found, and placed ready for use, and the week-day garments be put away; let missing buttons be replaced, and the rooms that may be used on the Sabbath "put to rights;" let sufficient fuel be prepared for the stoves, and sufficient kindlings also; let sufficient corn and other fodder for the hogs and cattle be brought from the field; let "old Dobbin" be brought from the pasture, if he is to go to church, or will be otherwise needed; put the bell on "old Brindle," if it must be done before Monday; let the church-buggy be put in trim; if baked turkey is essential to Sunday health, put in Saturday stuffing; make two or more visits, if they must be made before Monday; let the Monday letters be written, and Monday plans be laid out; to the fullest possible extent, let the morning and evening as well as mid-day hours of the Sabbath be kept holy.

It will be said that "this is enough to keep one busy the whole of Saturday." Possibly; and it is more becoming for Christians to work thus all day Saturday than all day Sunday. "Six days shalt thou labor, and do *all thy work*."

But the preparation should be spiritual. Let the temporal preparation be made in that spirit of consecration which should characterize the disciples of the Lord Jesus. "And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

There would be less desecration of the Sabbath by the irreligious, fewer anti-Sabbath conventions, speeches, and resolutions, if the day were loved more by its friends. Suppose that two-thirds of the entire Church are zealous in the defense of Sabbath laws and privileges; if the other third, like General Grouchy on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, are unwisely separated from their brethren of the main army, to fight a phantom if they fight any thing, to plod through rain and mud to nothing but defeat, the odds are fearfully against us, our strength is terribly weakened. And all the world looks with contempt upon our generalship, or doubly fortifies itself with the assurance that "there will be desertions from their camp to-day, for they do not believe what they teach."

Deep, true love for the Sabbath is not sufficiently manifested by Sabbath-day professions; by a regard for some of its advantages, but not for all; by congratulating those editors and authors who write in its favor; by conforming to the laws of the land and the usages of society with regard to it; nor by offering our latest fashions and softest words and most charming manners upon the altar of its God: but by whole-heartedness in our worship, and by walking humbly with our God. These demand such a preparation as will obviate the necessity of being frequently called out from the presence of the Lord on the Sabbath-day to attend to other matters.

E. M. BATTIS.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

ONE of the fantastic demands that annually annoy the English Parliament is the ever-recurring petition for female suffrage. We say fantastic, because it is always thus regarded in England and Germany, however it may be considered by certain classes among us. And although very few men consider this agitation with the least shadow of seriousness, it returns with the persistency of, at least, a good cause. The prominent organs of the English press occasionally pay serious attention to this fantasy, and take a good deal of trouble to prove the inconsistency of the demand; although it is clear to be seen that they do not consider the attainment of this object an actual impossibility in the future. The *Saturday Review* speaks of the matter somewhat as follows: "It is not necessary to investigate whether men and women are intellectual peers. There are doubtless many women who are quite as capable of exercising the right of suffrage as most of the male voters; indeed, a goodly number are more capable than many of them. In any case, it is unreasonable to speak of the inferiority or superiority of either men or women. Women are not to be excluded from public life because they are subordinate to men, but because they have other functions to fill which they can not do satisfactorily if they take such a burden upon them. Therefore the present system is not oppression but protection. The extension of suffrage to women would be a revolution of the most serious kind." The same trouble has crossed the channel into Germany, where there is a very enthusiastic little band that is in favor of female suffrage; and every real or supposed victory on English soil is heralded by them to the world in Germany with triumphant mien and words. These German "emancipationists"

have their organ, which keeps its friends and foes well supplied with all the news afloat that can interest them. But the trouble in Germany is the fact that the contrary parties on this question are extremists on both sides. The female suffragists are quite likely to hobnob with dangerous and inconsistent "isms," and are not unfrequently to be met with in the ranks of the extreme socialists, and are therefore, in general, judged by the company they keep. On the other hand, the enemies of these "reformers" are quite as likely to meet the appeals and arguments of their opponents with jeers and satire. The most recent case of this kind is a handsome picture now being exhibited by a modern artist, in which a woman is at the anvil wielding the heavy sledge on the red-hot iron; for why should the smithy exclude the fair sex from its privileges, or any other of the rights of men in general? But, as a judge between the parties, we decide the point not well taken. Germany is the last place in the world where this argument is valid, because of the fact that there the women engage in the most laborious occupations beside the men, or supplant them entirely. Women can be seen every-where doing the most laborious duty of the fields, and often undertake the severest manual labor simply because it is unskilled. We have seen there many women at toil quite as severe as the sledge; in Southern Germany, they are the hod-carriers to the masons, bearing the brick and mortar up the ladders to the workmen. And this self-same argument has but little weight in England; for are not the mines there frequently filled with girls and women, carrying out the coal in baskets on their backs? A truce, then, to this argument in European countries; it is a

good one only with us, where women are kindly and consistently treated in this respect.

WE notice something of a reaction in the Father-land in regard to the matter of infant-schools and kindergartens. It is feared that they are in too great a measure supplanting the mother, who should be the first teacher of the child. In Solomon's praise of the good housewife, after speaking well of the labor of her hands, and the cunning of her fingers at the spindle, he is careful also to say that she opens her mouth with wisdom, and pious teaching rests upon her tongue. The mother should not only train the child to order, but to labor; and the question arises in the mind of some, whether it would not be better to demand this of all mothers, and, in case of unfitness, whether it would not be more consistent to train the mothers in the desirable art of educating their children in their tender years, than to put the children, during this period, away from them into other hands. And to this end a valuable Manual has just been published, bearing the title, "The Mother as the First Teacher of the Child." This Manual, in a clear and concise style, illustrates the most usual methods of the schools to teach children to observe, speak, read, write, and count. There are, doubtless, numerous cases in which it is impossible for the best of mothers to be the first teachers of their children. But if this is in any way possible, they should not forego the blessing that will spring from this performance of duty. Her children will rise up to bless her, and it will be fitly said of her, "Many daughters have shown themselves worthy, but thou hast surpassed them all." The directions of this Manual are based largely on the teachings of Pestalozzi, the great reformer of the century. All our knowledge rests mainly on perception. If we would lay a good foundation for this, the child must be early taught to observe, to use its senses. While it is enough in the second and third year to learn the name of objects, in the following years the attention should be called to the nature of the object itself. Nothing is more injurious to a child than thoughtless seeing and hearing, so that it has eyes and sees not, ears and hears not. And just here skilled and conscientious teachers have the most reason to complain

that the little novice has not been skillfully taught at home. The sum and substance, therefore, of the demands of these friends of the children is, that they shall be taught for a while at home the best way to continue their studies in the school; and if possible, for every reason in the world, the mother should do this for her little pledges.

THE Germans are just now discussing the history and significance of the Christmas-tree. It finds its origin, undoubtedly, in Northern mythology, which deals largely in trees as emblems of life and knowledge. The Christmas-tree is thus a symbol of life in the midst of the apparent vegetable death of Winter; or the evergreen is the symbol of eternal life, where all other vegetation seems dead. The tree is a prophecy of Spring in the deep night of Winter, and is thus symbolical of the religious idea of the tree of life. The custom of the Christmas-tree is comparatively recent even in Germany. In the beginning of the present century it was not much known in Germany, and seemed to rise in significance as a religious reaction against the doctrines of rationalism. It received its first great impulse as a national custom in Protestant Germany of the North, and is even yet not universal in some of the countries of Central Germany. It is nearly always connected with some religious demonstration of the birth of Christ, the most usual of which is the representation of Christ-child in the manger, beside which stand Mary and Joseph, and near them a lamb, an ox, and an ass. During the wars of Napoleon with Germany, the officers of the Prussian army took the custom with them as far as Dantzic in one direction, and brought it with them in the Catholic lands which they frequently occupied. It thus spread to Bohemia and Hungary, although few but native-born Germans indulge in the custom in that country, except it be the Hungarian noble houses, which are often adorned with the tree. Prince Albert brought it with him to England, and Queen Victoria has favored its extension, so that it is now quite common in England. The Duchess of Orleans, a princess of Mecklenburg, brought it to France when she married the heir apparent to the French throne under Louis Philippe, and it thus spread

rapidly among the nobility of that country. The Germans now take it with them everywhere, and as they are to be found all over the world, so is the Christmas-tree quite cosmopolitan. The German North-pole explorers had their Christmas-tree amid the icy solitudes of the Northern Winter, making the tree out of the evergreen *Andromeda*, and thus thinking of the Father-land while frozen in the ice of the distant North. During the Winter of the siege of Paris by German troops, the camps were every-where enlivened by the Christmas-tree; and so it is with the German colony of Athens and St. Petersburg. It is said that quantities of evergreens are sent every year from Germany to New South Wales, where the Germans of the settlements eagerly buy them for the sake of having their favorite symbols from their native forests; whilst the Teutons of "New Germany," in South America, are endeavoring to train a species of native evergreen that much resembles those of their native land. We need hardly say that the Germans of our country have made the tree so great a favorite all over the North and West, that we hardly know any longer whether the custom is ours or theirs; so much for their fidelity to the Father-land!

ONE of the new enterprises for household economy abroad is to be found in the "Housewives' Association," in Berlin, the object of which is to obtain, primarily, the necessities of the larder at first cost, instead of being loaded with one or two profits. This Association now numbers no less than four thousand families, the heads of which are members, and draw their articles from a central office, in which all supplies for the house and the kitchen, with the exception of bread and meat, may be obtained, in any quantity, at cost. Besides this, the members of this union have a contract with an association of butchers and bakers, whereby these purveyors deliver their wares at a deduction of about ten or twelve per cent. The great power of the Association is seen in the fact that it has broken the stern position of many of the dealers in the ordinary necessities of life. No less than seven hundred merchants of all sorts have contracted to be purveyors to the Association, at a large deduction from usual prices. In this way the members ob-

tain nearly every thing, from a shoe-string to the richest furniture, at a great discount. Whatever is new in the field of household economy, is sure to be first met with at the "Association," whose members have thus an opportunity to test the best of every thing. A free intelligence office for working people is connected with the union, where, during last year, no less than three thousand seven hundred places were provided for nurses, governesses, seamstresses, child's-maids, cooks, etc. This division is a most praiseworthy enterprise, for it is for members only, and assures to these poor people a great many things at a reasonable rate, and gives them an opportunity to know for whom they are to work before they engage.

A RATHER discreditable story is told by Miss Fanny Kemble, in her published *Reminiscences*, about the "pious" Empress Eugénie: In her dressing-room she had a collection of dolls of life size, beside which she would study for hours at a time the effects of the various new fashions. In her Summer castle at Biarritz, there was a sort of cupola in her boudoir, in which hung the dresses that she was to wear, so that each individual dress could fall upon her without being crumpled by the most skillful dressmaker. After Louis Napoleon's marriage, a certain Lady C. was very often a guest at the Tuileries, where she soon saw enough to confirm the report that, at a time when her majesty was young and beautiful, her face was little else than a mask loaded with paint even to her eyebrows, which were blackened. The effect of the blue veins on her white forehead was increased by the use of paint. During the absence of the Emperor in 1859, with the French army in Italy, the Empress thus depicted to a lady friend in England her great anxiety about the fate of his majesty: O, what an existence! "I do nothing but tremble and try on new dresses!" And yet this being had the power of exerting a great influence in the affairs of the nation, for her power over Napoleon was very great, and the influence of the Catholic priests over her was notorious. Think of such a woman being regent while Napoleon was fighting the German army, and of her arrogance in expecting the regency after his fall!

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

IN response to a request from a number of Christian ladies, the Woman's Department of the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, have decided to give a portion of their building to the setting forth of the religious and benevolent work of women. The results of woman's work in this department are to be represented by photographs, lithographs, reports, catalogues, tables of statistics, or in any way that shall fairly show how feminine energy has been employed for benevolence and religion. It is designed to report only such benevolent and religious institutions as were originated or are managed by women, the product of their heart and brain. Mrs. Governor Beveridge has charge of the Centennial interests of Illinois, and has appointed the following committee to take the work in hand: Mrs. Hoge, Chicago, is to arrange all items in regard to Sanitary Commission work, Homes of the Friendless, the work of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and Presbyterian Aid and Church-furnishing Societies. Mrs. Fallows, Chicago, will look after the Statistics of Hospitals, Children's Homes, the Foreign Missionary Societies, and the Aid Societies of the Episcopal Church. Miss Mary Evarts, Chicago, is to gather the facts about the Magdalen work of the State, Woman's Boarding-houses that are carried on upon a benevolent basis, Homes for the Aged; also the Foreign Mission work, and the Aid and Home Benevolent Societies of the Baptist Church. Miss F. E. Willard, Chicago, is to find the facts about the Temperance work and Industrial Schools of the State. Mrs. Emily H. Miller, Evanston, is to secure the Statistics of Woman's Benevolent Educational work, and of Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes. Mrs. Blatchford is to secure a representation of the Foreign Mission work of the Congregationalists. Mrs. Willing is to gather the facts about Methodist Foreign Missions and Home Aid Societies, as well as those of the Hebrews, Catholics, Christians, and other denominations not otherwise provided for.

— At a meeting of the Board of Trustees

of the Children's Home, held January 21st, a resolution was passed tendering a vote of thanks to the ladies of the Second Presbyterian Church for their active interest in the Children's Home, and for \$675.55, received from them for the building fund, the proceeds of a fair held at the church.

— In Buffalo, New York, the Friendly Inn, established by Mrs. Kenyon and Mrs. Benson, has been taken under the auspices of the Union, and is proving very successful.

— The Bethel Home Meeting in Chicago is also conducted by ladies, and with an average attendance of one hundred and fifty men. Eight hundred drinking men have signed the pledge, and many have been converted.

— Mrs. Mary Livermore has been made President of the Woman's Temperance Union of Massachusetts. The State Convention met in South Boston, November 30th, Mrs. S. A. Gifford presiding. Mrs. Gifford is one of the ablest temperance workers in New England.

— The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Philadelphia has opened a Home, on North Thirteenth Street, for the reformation of inebriate women. Mrs. Bishop Simpson, Mrs. Dr. Hatfield, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, Mrs. Charles Scott, and Mrs. Harriet French, and other ladies of our denomination, are prominently active in this Union movement.

— In Chicago, there is a continuous revival in the daily temperance prayer-meeting. It is under the care of ladies. They always "lead the meeting;" yet four-fifths of those who attend are men. Nearly one thousand three hundred have signed the pledge, and many of them have entered upon a Christian life.

— Mrs. Henry, of Rockford, Illinois, has care of the woman's temperance work in that city. She claims drunken men as her wards. Taking them out of the hands of the police, she cares for them in the temperance rooms till they are sober; then she brings kindness to bear upon them, till they are induced to sign the pledge.

—At Morenci, Michigan, the Woman's Union have driven out the last liquor-dealer.

—Forty-five State conventions have been held during the past year by temperance women.

—The temperance ladies of New York hold meetings in the Water-street Mission every Sabbath evening.

—Mary Safford Blake writes from Salt Lake City, that twenty-five Mormon girls are studying medicine.

—In Maine, the Government furnishes all liquor for medical and medicinal uses. There is a Woman's Temperance Union in nearly every town in the State.

—Miss Elizabeth H. Doyle, of Providence, has been appointed a member of the female board of visitors to the State penal institutions. Miss Doyle is a sister of Mayor Doyle, and has been a prominent Providence teacher for some years.

—The wealthiest lady in America is the wife of Professor Gammell, of Brown University, Rhode Island. She has an income of nearly a million a year, her father's estate, which she has just inherited, being estimated at fully \$20,000,000.

—The Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Christian Association has begun a good work at its new rooms, at the north-west corner of Ninth and Vine Streets, Cincinnati. It is the work of finding employment for women who want work. The Branch has, in fact, established a sort of employment agency for women.

—"It may encourage others to work, to know that the temperance women of Syracuse are driving a most energetic and steady battle against rum. The evening prayer-meetings at the Temperance Friendly Inn have been well sustained. In the immediate vicinity of the Inn, the saloon trade has fallen off wonderfully. Several saloon men have failed."

—Mrs. Mary A. Johnson died at Indianapolis, Indiana, January 4th. She had long been prominently connected with the temperance work. Years before the Crusade, she gave almost her whole time to the cause. She was possessed of commanding talent, of a noble personal presence, and wielded a

trenchant pen. She was ever ready to sacrifice time, labor, and money in the cause of humanity.

—Professor Tyler has been writing for *Scribner* concerning the young women in Michigan University. He reports them as being proficient, well-behaved, and healthy.

—Miss Alta M. Hulett, the lady lawyer of Chicago, Illinois, is gaining practice, and is said to appear in the courts with ease and confidence, and with an ability decidedly above that of the average lawyer. She is ready in debate, and is never taken by surprise.

—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Philadelphia opened, during the Winter, a Temperance Coffee-house and Reading-room at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street. It is designed especially to meet the needs of the car-drivers of the Seventh Avenue and Broadway Railway lines, and to counteract the evil influence of the many liquor saloons in that locality.

—The ladies of Walnut Hills, Ohio, have recently opened a new Temperance Hall, in which they expect to hold five meetings each week. At the opening services, Mrs. M. Norton read the Scripture lessons, and Mrs. E. Woolman sent up earnest supplication for a blessing upon the new room. "Considerable success has followed the labors of the past few months. The Band of Hope has been gathered, and the steady, faithful visitations of ladies to darkened homes has resulted in much good."

—Mrs. Whitney, an accomplished Christian lady of Newark, New Jersey, has just gone with her husband and family to Japan. She speaks the Japanese language, and is acquainted with minister Mori and many of the nobility, who have arranged for them to live on the government grounds, and a house is being built for them. This is an honor never before extended to foreigners. Mrs. Whitney is to associate with the ladies of rank, that they may learn from her American manners and customs. She is a fine representative. Our country may well be proud of her in this representative position. Mr. Whitney is to take charge of a commercial college.

ART NOTES.

OLYMPIAN DISCOVERIES.

FROM time to time, in these columns, reference has been made to the indifference of our Government to art and archæology, as compared with the Governments of Europe. Nearly three years ago, the suggestion was made to unite the collegiate and educated men of this country into a society for excavations on the sites of old civilizations, for the purpose of founding at some central point a museum of archæology that should aid our scholars, and be a stimulus to our younger students. At that time we invited our professors of Greek—as Van Benschoten, of the Wesleyan; Kistler, of the North-Western; Codington, of Syracuse, and others—to lead in this enterprise of inaugurating an expedition to Greece. Now comes the inspiring report of Professor Curtius, of the Berlin University, touching the operations of the commission which has been sent out by the German Government to excavate on the site of Olympia. It is most familiar ground to every classical scholar. Every tyro in classical history knows that here, for more than a thousand years, were celebrated the Olympic games, which brought to this spot an assemblage collected from a wider region than could be touched by any other power. The ancient historians agree that these contests, commingling so strangely physical prowess, artistic adornment, and religious sanction, were celebrated with a pomp and splendor entirely unrivaled. Hence on this spot were found richest art collections,—temples, statues, votive offerings, etc.,—that caused Olympia to be second only to Athens in the magnificence of its appointments. The profound Greek historian and archæologist, Professor Ernst Curtius, spent many years in study and travel in Greece preparatory to writing his profound history of the Peloponnesian War. While engaged in these preparatory studies, the subject of art also occupied much of his thought. By diligent examinations of Pausanias, who visited Olympia in the second century of our era, Professor Curtius was convinced that the works that Pausanias describes as still standing in his day might

yet be tolerably preserved beneath the stratum of mud and slime deposited in the bed of the river Alpheios. Under the force of this conviction, he induced the German Government to send the expedition, the report of whose discoveries is producing intensest interest among the learned of all lands. It would seem that, after employing a force of one hundred and twenty-five men for weeks, they have at last reaped abundant reward for all their labors. Among other important objects already discovered, may be mentioned a colossal male *torso*, probably a fragment of the renowned statue of Zeus, that was represented in a sitting posture in the middle of the east gable of the temple, as arbiter of the combatants engaged in the Olympian contests. Should this prove true, and the remaining portions of this statue be discovered, one of the most renowned works of all antiquity will have been brought again to the light. Another statue exhumed is that of the Goddess of Victory (Niké), and seems to be “the first authenticated statue of a Greek sculptor of the fifth century before Christ.” Besides these are others of equal interest, which seem to confirm the accuracy and fidelity of Pausanias as an historian and a close student of art. It would seem that the work has only fairly begun, and expectation is on tiptoe awaiting further report. It is understood that the Germans can not remove any statues (except duplicates) from Greece, but are permitted to take plaster casts of every thing discovered. A moldier accompanies the expedition, and it is probable that the museums of the West will soon be greatly enriched with casts of these most interesting works. Since the very sensible suggestion of Dr. J. P. Newman, that our Government should make an appropriation for archæological purposes, has been received with a sneer even by the New York *Sun*, whose editor is the classic Dana, it is plain that the only way in which we can supply our great need is by generous private aid, and strong combinations of the colleges and learned societies throughout the country in some similar expedition.

—The tendency of modern thought is more and more to *comparative* studies; hence we now have "Comparative Anatomy," "Comparative Philology," "Comparative Theology," "Comparative Religion," etc. Art and archaeology manifest a like tendency. The latest work of this kind has just been published by J. W. Bouton, New York, entitled "Monumental Christianity," by John P. Lundy, Presbyterian. It is a book that has cost the author more than twenty years of labor, and is peculiar among its kind for introducing the comparison of heathen art representations with those of the early Christians relative to some of the Biblical teachings. The titles of the fourteen chapters will give a fair idea of the topics and range of discussion. They are as follows: I. Utility of Archaeology; II. Structure of the Catacombs; III. Monuments and Art Teachings of the Catacombs; IV. *Disciplina Arcana*, the Mysteries; V. God, the Father Almighty; VI. Jesus Christ Divine; VII. The Good Shepherd; VIII. Jesus Christ as Human; IX. Jesus Christ as Sufferer; X. Hades: The Tree of Life; The Mystic Ladder; XI. The Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; XII. The Communion of Saints; XIII. The Forgiveness of Sin; XIV. Resurrection; Life Everlasting. The author, in introducing some specimens of heathen art, has contributed something in religious art to those comparative studies that are certainly greatly enlarging our field of vision, and binding the whole family together into a closer brotherhood, by showing a common origin, common religious and æsthetic impulses, and a common struggle to get back to the loving heart of a common Father. We can commend this book as a stimulus to thought.

—The criticism by the *Nation* of the system of drawing taught by Mr. Walter Smith in the Massachusetts public-schools is awakening much attention and feeling. It is but natural that the friends of Mr. Smith should feel hurt, and come to the rescue of their master. It would not be regarded exceptional if some degree of warmth should be aroused by the controversy. It is a well-known fact that publishers of school-books are largely manufacturers of public opinion of the merits of such books; and it is too

often difficult to get an honest expression of opinion from competent parties. Mr. Smith's drawing course is no exception to this state of things. It is therefore a good service done by the *Nation* to the general public when it exposes the imperfect and artificial system which has been imposed on Massachusetts, and, through her example, on many other States. It must be conceded that the following, at least, is eminently true: "No system of instruction in other than purely mechanical drawing, no system of drawing which contemplates design as an end, is good, unless its prime and constant object be to train the eye and the hand so as to become the skilled instruments of expression; in other words, instruments for the expression of individual thought, feeling, and fancy. Among the first and essential processes of this training is the education of the powers of observation and delineation of natural objects. It is a sufficient condemnation of the Massachusetts system that it practically pays no attention to the careful study and delineation of nature. Not one of the examples selected in the report is of a natural object. . . . Good design for industrial purposes is not likely to be the result of a system from which the study of nature is omitted, and much less any thing that in a proper sense deserves the name of art."

—"Music has its logical aspects, and much music has been written whose merit is chiefly of a logical character. Indeed, all music rests on a strictly mathematical basis. Penetrate beneath the outer garniture of sweet sound, and you shall find yourself confronted by an elaborate system of principles, whose observance is as essential to the musician as the mathematical principles of construction are to the architect. Indeed, from this point of view, music presents many resemblances to architecture. Like Michael Angelo, the Titan of architects, Beethoven, the Titan of musicians, erects his gigantic temples of sound on a basis of truth indestructible as the universe. The unraveling of the mysteries of counterpoint is like learning a new language. The free activity of the spirit in these apparent fetters is far more difficult than the effort of the poet to compress his amplitude of sig-

nificance into the music-box of the sonnet, or, like a new Ganymede, to sit firmly astride the soaring eagle of the ode. It is from the side of these mathematical principles of construction that music addresses the logical understanding. The interest of many compositions depends largely upon the skill of their construction, and in all this interest is a factor in the total interest. Indeed, Euler, the celebrated mathematician is said to have composed, without any knowledge of music, an elaborate fugue, on scientific principles alone; this fugue, although strictly correct, and looking very well on paper, proved ear-splitting in its performance. The interpretation of a composition, from this point of view, if the term interpretation is here at all applicable, means the recognition of the principles of counterpoint employed in its construction, and is therefore mainly for the technical musician. The analogies, however, between the architectonic of music and the architectonic of the soul, between the up-piling of musical temples and the building of that inner temple whose light is the everlasting Spirit of God, are many and important."—*L. J. Block, in Journal of Spec. Philosophy.*

—Rome has of late become the center of a new interest,—an interest connected not alone with antiquity, but with the living, active present. Every new correspondent from this center dwells more on matters of current importance than on historic glories. All agree that the Italian capital is seething with agitation and discussion. A most interesting meeting was recently held in one of the palaces on the Campidoglio, which was attended by over two hundred representatives of provinces, universities, scientific bodies, senators, and deputies. The object was to collect money for the erection of a monument to Alberico Gentili, the first who wrote on the international laws of peace and war. It is a most significant fact that the ashes of this man, who was banished from Italy in the sixteenth century on account of his advocacy of Protestant principles, and died as one of the professors of Oxford University, should now be sought out in their foreign resting-place, to be transferred to that great Pantheon of modern Italy,—the Church of Santa Croce,

at Florence. Here together are now collected monuments to such men as Dante, Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Galileo, and others,—all Protestants against slavery and bigotry of mind.

—Sweden is to be represented at the Fine Art Department of the Centennial Exhibition by ninety-six paintings, including works by Waldberg, Count Rossen, Berg, and many other Scandinavian artists with whose names we are not familiar on this side the Atlantic.

—It is reported that the statuary layer of one of the quarries of West Rutland, Vermont, reached and raised during the past Summer, yielded three hundred and thirty-three blocks, whose average value was one thousand dollars each. The average cost of cutting and raising each block from the bed was seventeen dollars.

—In the action brought by Connelly, the sculptor, in the Florentine courts against Healy, for libel, in charging that Connelly did not model his own designs, but hired Italian workmen to do it, Healy was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment, and the payment of two hundred dollars' fine. Thus is Connelly exonerated, but the quarrel thus engendered is exceedingly unfortunate.

—We call attention to the fact that D. Appleton & Co. have published a very fine steel line engraving, intended as a gift to subscribers to their *Journal*, representing Dickens sitting in his library at Gadshill. The portrait is said to be an excellent likeness of him in the best period of his life. He is sitting at his desk in a thoughtful mood, and all the surroundings, as it is said, are accurate representations of the scene.

—It is a pleasant conceit that has placed over the grave of Agassiz a granite boulder from the Aar glacier in Switzerland,—the glacier on which he spent so many Summers when collecting materials for his works on glaciers. This block is about four feet high and weighs about two thousand pounds. It was transported from its bed with very great difficulties, and perhaps forms the most unique monument in all the multitudes of costly structures in Mount Auburn, though boulders have been so used elsewhere.

SCIENTIFIC.

MATURITY OF TIMBER-TREES.—A paper in the "Transactions of the Scottish Arboricultural Society," contains the following information with regard to the time required for various kinds of timber-trees to reach maturity: "The oak can never be cut down so profitably when small as when well matured, and having plenty of heart-wood. The timber is seldom of much value until it has reached the age of one hundred years. Ash can be cut down more profitably in its young state than any other of the hard-wood trees. When clean grown, and from thirty to forty years old, it is in great demand for handle-wood, and for agricultural implements. Birch can be used profitably at about forty years old. Horse-chestnut, when grown on good soil and in a sheltered position, can be cut down when it attains large dimensions. Elms (Scotch and English) should never be cut until they are from eighty to one hundred years old. Sycamore, growing in good soil, may be cut down when about one hundred years old."

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES IN 1875.—"The year 1875 will ever be a memorable date in the history of geographical discovery. Within the twelvemonth, two of the most important questions of African geography have been settled; and, in the far north, the demonstration of an open water-way between Europe and the countries drained by the great Siberian rivers is perhaps the most important addition to geographical science that could be made in polar regions. For twenty years the source of the Nile has been the goal of the explorer's ambition. The boldest spirits have essayed its discovery, only to be turned back by insuperable obstacles. Its conquest waited for the plucky energy and resistless push of Stanley. Starting from Zanzibar in November, 1874, . . . by dint of resolute marching and fighting, he accomplished in a hundred days what, in the usual course of African travel, would have taken as many weeks, and on February 27th, he caught his first glimpse of the great lake with which hereafter his name will be inseparably connected. Of the ten

VOL. XXXVI.—24

considerable streams which feed the Nyanza, the largest and most important proved to be the Shiniceyn, in all probability the ultimate source of the Nile. In the mean time, Cameron has taken up the unfinished work of Livingstone, and has overcome the obstacles that baffled that veteran explorer, and accomplished the longest journey ever made by any adventurer in that continent. No other explorer ever crossed the continent so near the equator, and none save Stanley ever accomplished so much in so little time. His path lay through the most difficult and dangerous part of Africa, from Tanganyika to the mouth of the Congo. The theory of Livingstone has been disproved, and not the Nile, but the Congo, receives the drainage of the great interior basin of the continent. Less significant geographically, but of far greater promise commercially, is Professor Nordenskjöld's discovery of an open passage by sea between Europe and Northern Asia. According to Professor Baers, the valley of the Obi Irtsh and the Yenisei exceed in extent the combined areas watered by the Don, the Dnieper, Dniester, Po, Rhone, Nile, Ebro, and all the other rivers flowing into the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Sea of Marmora. The attainment of the pole would give greater renown to the explorer who should succeed in reaching it; but the consequences to mankind would be insignificant compared with those quite certain to flow from this much-needed waterway to the heart of Asia."—*Scientific American*.

EFFECT OF RAIN ON SEA WAVES.—It is a common saying among sailors that heavy rain falling on the sea stills the motion of the waves; or, as they phrase it, the "rain soon knocks down the sea." Professor Osborne Reynolds, of Owens College, Manchester, has made experiments which demonstrate that the saying is founded on fact; for when drops of water fall on the surface of water, they do not only produce the usual rings, but they drive some of the surface water downward in series of rings which increase in size. To replace the water car-

ried down, some of the under water would have to rise to the surface. "When," says the Professor, "the surface is disturbed by waves, besides the vertical motion, the particles move backward and forward in a horizontal direction, and this motion diminishes as we proceed downward from the surface. Therefore, in this case, the effect of rain-drops will be to convey the motion which belongs to the water at the surface down into the lower water, where it has no effect, so far as its waves are concerned; and hence the rain would diminish the motion at the surface, which is essential to the continuance of the waves, and thus destroy the waves."

RATE OF GROWTH IN CORALS.—An interesting account of the rate of growth of corals is given, in a letter addressed to Professor Dana, by Professor Le Conte, and published in *Silliman's American Journal*. The following portion is of importance: "Professor Agassiz and his party were at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas. Dr. William M. Jones and myself had gone to examine an island about eight or ten miles to the north-west. On returning to Fort Jefferson in a small boat, when about half-way between the two islands, and in the still shoal water on the inside of the line of reefs, to our great surprise the boat suddenly grounded on the close-set prongs of an extensive grove of madrepores. On examining closely the trees of this grove, we found: 1. That the prongs were far more thickly set than is usual in this species; 2. That all the prongs, not only of the same tree, but of all the trees of the whole grove, grow up to nearly the same level, which, at the time examined, was very near the surface; 3. That all the prongs at that level were dead for a distance of one to three inches from the point. The lower limit of death seemed to be a *perfectly horizontal plane*. The dead points rose above it to various distances, not exceeding three inches. We rowed around the margin of this grove for a considerable distance, and found every-where the same phenomenon. I satisfied myself that the whole grove, for hundreds of acres in extent, had been clipped in a similar manner. On subsequent inquiry at Key West, I learned that the mean level of the ocean, owing probably to the prevalence of certain winds, was higher during

one portion of the year than during the other. It became evident, therefore, that during the high water the living points of the madrepores grow upward until the descending water level exposes and kills them down to a certain level. With the rise of the mean level again, new points start upward, to be again clipped at the same level by descending water. The levelness, the thick setting, and the deadness of the points, are all thus completely accounted for. It is the phenomenon of a clipped hedge beneath the sea."

INFLUENCE OF WATER ON CLIMATE.—At the late meeting of the British Association, Professor Hennessy read a paper on the "Influence of the Physical Properties of Water on Climate." The object of the paper was to contradict the opinion formerly expressed by Sir J. Herschel, that "water does not distribute heat in any thing like the same degree as land." According to Professor Hennessy, of all substances largely existing in nature, water is the most favorable to the absorption and distribution of solar heat. A sandy soil, such as that of the Sahara, although capable of exhibiting a very high temperature during the day, becomes cool during the night, and is one of the worst media for storing up the heat derived from sunshine. Water, on the contrary, stores up heat better than almost any other body." An objection was offered by Professor Everett, based on the generally accepted fact that the temperature of the Southern Hemisphere is lower than that of the Northern, despite the greater predominance of water in the former. This Professor Hennessy denied to be the fact.

ILLUMINATING GAS FROM CORK.—It is stated in a French journal, *Le Charbon*, that experiments made at Bordeaux with cork, as a substance for developing illuminating gas, have led to such good results that it is proposed to establish a cork gas-house in that city. The waste of cork-cutting shops is distilled in close vessels, and the flame of the resulting gas is more intense and whiter than that of coal-gas. The blue portion of this flame is much less, and the density of the gas much greater, than that of common illuminating gas.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

ACCURACY OF SCRIPTURE.—We read, in Daniel v, 30, that when Darius took Babylon, Belshazzar, the king of it, was in the city, and in "that night was Belshazzar, King of the Chaldeans, slain." Herodotus, the Greek historian, gives an account of the matter which, until of late years, seemed totally irreconcilable with Daniel's narrative. He informs us that the King of Babylon, whose name was Labynetus, was absent when the city was taken; that he sought shelter in Barsippa; that Cyrus attacked him there, took him, stripped him of his regal dignity, but allowed him to retire and to spend the rest of his life in ease in Caramansa. The two statements appear to be contradictory, and that the credit of historic veracity must be denied either to Daniel or to Herodotus. Thus stood the matter, when Sir Henry Rawlinson, the celebrated Oriental scholar, discovered, in his Eastern researches, one of those cylinders, on which historic records used to be written in the cuneiform character by the ancients. Having deciphered the writing on this relic of antiquity, it was discovered that, at the time of the capture of Babylon, referred to by Daniel and Herodotus, there were two kings presiding over the empire, a father and his son; and thus we can understand that Herodotus speaks of the father, who escaped, while Daniel speaks of the son, who was slain. This unsuspected fact not only reconciles the prophet and the historian, but explains an otherwise inexplicable expression in Daniel, where it was promised to the prophet by Belshazzar, that, if he could explain the writing on the wall, he would make him the third ruler in the kingdom. (Daniel v, 16.) Now, why not the second ruler, as Joseph in similar circumstances had been made in Egypt? The cylinder answers the question; there were two kings in Babylon, and therefore the place next to the throne could be only the third rulership in the kingdom. A very short time before the discovery which so triumphantly reconciles the seeming contradiction, which cast a shade of suspicion on Daniel's accuracy, Mr. F. W. Newman had written these words in Kitto's

Cyclopædia, "No hypothesis will reconcile this account with the other;" an instructive lesson this, teaching us to give the sacred writers credit for accuracy, even though we may be unable to explain facts which seem to impeach it.

WHO NAMED THE COLLEGES?—Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the College £779, and a library of over three hundred books. Williams College was named after Col. Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war. Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount, and was President of the first Board of Trustees. Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate of the college, went into business, became very wealthy, and endowed the college very largely. Columbia College was called King's College till the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia. Bowdoin College was named after Governor Bowdoin, of Maine. Yale College was named after Elihu Yale, who made very liberal donations to the College. Colby University, formerly Waterville College, was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave \$50,000 to the college in 1866. Dickinson College received its name from Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the College, and was President of the Board of Trustees for a number of years. Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.

WRONG AND RIGHT USE OF WORDS.—*Aggravate.*—This word should never be employed in reference to persons, as it means merely to add weight to, to make an evil more oppressive; injury is aggravated by insult. It is sometimes improperly used in the sense of *irritate*, as "I was much aggravated by his conduct."

Balance, in the sense of rest, remainder, residue, remnant, is an abomination. Balance is, metaphorically, the difference between two sides of an account,—the amount necessary to make one equal to the other.

Bountiful is applicable only to persons. A giver may be bountiful, but his gift can not; it should be called plentiful or large. "A bountiful slice" is absurd.

Fetch expresses a double motion,—first from and then toward the speaker; it is exactly equivalent to "go and bring," and ought not to be used in the sense of "bring" alone.

Calculate, besides its sectional misuse for *think* or *suppose*, is sometimes, in the participial form calculated, put for *likely* or *apt*: "That nomination is calculated to injure the party." It is *calculated* (designed) to do no such thing, though it may be likely to.

Citizen should not be used except when the possession of political rights is meant to be implied. Newspaper reporters have a bad habit of bringing it out on all occasions, when "person," "man," or "by-stander" would express their meaning much better.

Couple applies to two things which are bound together or united in some way. "A couple of apples" is incorrect; *two* apples is what is meant.

Dirt means filth, and is not synonymous with earth or soil; yet people sometimes speak of a dirt road, or of packing dirt around the roots of trees they are setting. They mean earth.

Execute.—When a murderer is hanged, his *sentence* is executed, the *man* is not. A man can not be executed,—that is, followed out or performed. And we say, a culprit is *hanged*, while pictures are *hung*.

Expect looks always to the future. You can not expect that any thing has happened or is happening, but only that it will happen.

Get means to obtain, not to possess. "He has *got* all the numbers of the newspaper;" "Have you *got* good molasses?" "They have *got* bad manners." Why will people persist in introducing the word in such sentences as these, where it is evidently superfluous?

Help Meet.—An absurd use of these two words, as if they together were the name of one thing—a wife—is too common. The sentence in Genesis is, "I will make him an help meet for him;" that is, a help *fit* for him. There is no such word as help-meet.

Love rules the heart, not the stomach. You *love* your wife, or ought to; but favorite articles of food you *like*.

Observe should not be used for *say*, as in the oft-heard sentence, "What did you *observe*?"

HOW MUCH ROOM IN HEAVEN?—A writer has taken the pains to calculate the size and dimensions of the New Jerusalem, as shown in the Apocalyptic vision of Saint John:

"And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs; the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." (Rev. xxi, 16.) He says: "Twelve thousand furlongs is 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 496,793,088,000,000,000 cubical feet. Now, reserve one-half of the above for the throne of God and court of glory, and one-half of the remainder for streets, and divide the remaining one-fourth; namely, 124,198,272,000,000,000 by 4,096, the number of cubical feet in a room 16 feet square and 16 feet high, and the product is 3,032,184,375,000,000 rooms. Now, suppose that this earth always did, and always will, contain 900,000,000 of inhabitants, from creation unto the expiration of 100,000,000 years; that a generation continues thirty-three and a third years, or that 2,700,000,000 persons pass into heaven every one hundred years, and that 1128 such worlds existed, equal in duration, in population, and in contribution to the population of heaven, there would be a room 16 feet square and 16 feet high for each; and 'yet there would be room,'—84,373 rooms unoccupied."

PARCHMENT.—More than 3,000 years ago parchment was manufactured; the original Scriptures were written upon it. The finest, which is in our day known by the name of "vellum," is used to a considerable extent for recording important matters, such as documents to be placed in corner-stones of public buildings, deeds, etc., as it will not readily burn, and is comparatively indestructible. Vellum is made from the skins of very young calves, kids, and lambs, by a process of liming to remove the hair and fatty substances, then carefully stretched on a frame, and, with an instrument called a moon knife, scraped on both sides; the flesh side is then covered with fine chalk and rubbed with pumice-stone, and, after being leveled and dried, is polished with a preparation of gum arabic and white of eggs.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

THE HOME OF THE EAR-SHELL, AND THE
NUTMEG.

DID you ever see one of the beautiful flesh-tinted ear-shells, shaped so very much like the human ear as to seem almost a model? It is a very rare shell, found only on one little island, where a perfect specimen is worth more than a hundred dollars, and very few have traveled so far as our country. Amboyna, the native home of this lovely little shell, is one of the Spice Islands, and has been, for nearly three centuries, under the scepter of Holland. The nutmeg grows here to great perfection, gorgeously tinted tropic flowers dot the fields, and the most beautiful ferns I ever saw, some of them twice the height of a man, dip their feathery fringes into the clear waters of the bay that divides the two peninsulas of which the island is composed. On the coast are extensive factories for storing, selling, and shipping the spices; and behind them, as far as the eye can reach, stretch plantations of nutmeg-trees, whose blossoms and fruit fill the air with fragrance. In form the nutmeg-tree resembles the peach-tree, but the foliage and fruit look like our sugar-pear. When ripe, the *outer* shell expands sufficiently to reveal the crimson *mace*, folded over a glossy black shell, which in turn incloses the nutmeg as we see it in commerce. A great variety of beautiful shells are found on the shores of this island; and the Chinese, who are by far the most thrifty portion of the population, drive a brisk trade in shells and corals, shipping to European houses in Singapore and Canton, and amassing fortunes by the traffic. They are also largely engaged in the cultivation and sale of spices, and their plantations are said to be the best on the island. Whatever John Chinaman does, he does well, and, of course, he reaps the reward of his painstaking, persevering labors. Here, on this island, his unflagging industry is so strikingly in contrast with the indolence of the European residents; his neatness and thrift, so unlike the filth and squalor of the Malays; and his patient good-humor under all circumstances, so imperturbable, that a Chinese citizen is not only gen-

erally respected, but a universal favorite. They hold many offices of honor and profit in the island; and, by the annual payment of a trifling poll-tax, they are permitted to have in their own quarter a Chinese police force, inspector-general, and post-captain, with whom alone they have to deal in all affairs among themselves; though the officers report, at stated times, to the local Dutch authorities. It is now about two centuries and a half since the first Chinese emigrants landed in Amboyna; but, though they have intermarried with the Malays of the island, they have invariably reared their children as Chinese. The offspring, no less than the fathers, speak Chinese, wear the Chinese dress, and observe all the religious and national festivals of their paternal ancestors; and, by some strange freak of nature, they seem invariably to inherit the identical high cheek-bones, square foreheads, and oblique eye, that are the birthright of Celestials of unmixed descent.

The entire population of this lovely island is scarcely forty thousand for both peninsulas, and of these some twelve thousand reside within the settlement. Fronting on the most lovely bay in the world stands Fort Victory, its immense walls so completely overshadowing the town that, approaching from the sea-board, it is scarcely visible. From the rear, however, it is replete with rural beauty. It is composed of three perfectly distinct quarters, of which the European is nearest the citadel. In this section the houses are all painted or plastered white, and with their graceful verandas, flower-crowned terraces, and abundant shade-trees, they seem invitingly cool and pretty. To the left is the Malay *Campong*, with bamboo huts, and their low thatched roofs sloping down to a little stream in front, and the rear often hidden by the jungle-growth that is suffered to intrude to the very doors of the cabins, giving them an air of shadowy gloom. Strikingly in contrast is the neat and cheery air of the Chinese quarter, where each house is adorned with painted silk lanterns, and gayly colored screens that freely admit the breeze, while they keep out prying eyes.

Thus the "homes" of the three races perfectly portray the national character of each.

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

MARCH.

Ah, here comes young March, thinking, too, I dare say,

"Now I'll have a good time in my own wild way;"
His breath is a breezy nor'wester, and lo,
Here come the clouds flying and strewing their snow.

And March laughs to himself, as he says in his glee,
"They'll get no sweet nonsense, I'll warrant, from me,—

I'll keep up the fashion of snowing and blowing,
And leave it to April to set things a-growing."

He takes up the scepter that Winter laid down;
He mimics his manners and puts on his frown,
Pearl-powders his locks, shouts loud as he goes,
And smiles as he thinks, "There's nobody knows."

Ah, young March, you may bluster as much as you will,

We know all your wild ways, but trust in you still.
You will yet set a tune for the bluebirds to sing,
And braid a green garland in honor of Spring.

You may pile up your drifts as high as the moon,
But you'll tire of the game, jolly fellow, right soon;
For now, while you're frolicking, unseen below,
The crocus is donning her bonnet of snow.

Yes, play at your pranks, and heap up your snows.
But deep down in the mold not a rootlet but knows
It is time to be stirring; and all, wide awake,
Are planning sweet plans for the Spring's dear sake.

The fairies are plying their looms night and day
To weave for the lilies their lovely array,
Coaxing gently the shy little snow-drop up,
And carving the gold for the cowslip's cup.

So marshal your forces and pipe your wild song,
We will laugh with you too, for it will not be long
Till you, good March, will bring us a gift of fine weather,

When you, we, and the bluebirds will all sing together.

LUELLA CLARK.

BOOKS.

WHAT a common thing a book is! Thousands and thousands have been printed, and the cry is "Still they come!" But there was a time when there was no such thing as a book, when all knowledge had to be handed down by word of mouth, or, as it is called, "oral tradition." In those days even writing had not yet been invented, and consequently there was no reading.

When at length writing was invented, the difficulty was what to write on. Some nations, like the ancient Mexicans, wrote their histories on the sides of rocks; others, like the Ninevites, on the walls of their houses, or bricks and tiles and crockery-ware.

But rocks and walls and bricks and vases were not books, and were of little use in the diffusion of knowledge. You had to go to the rock or wall, they would not come to you; and as for bricks and crockery-ware, they were movable but not very portable. It was not convenient to carry about a pocket edition of a work in the shape of a brick, or to learn your lessons off your washing-jug.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and so various expedients were soon resorted to. The leaves of plants, the skins of animals, the bark of trees, all were used by man in the endeavor to communicate his ideas to his fellow-men.

In our modern books, so plentiful and so cheap, all these three expedients of our hard-pushed ancestors have left their trace. The book is still composed of *leaves*, showing its vegetable origin; and the material of those leaves is called *paper*, from the plant papyrus, on the leaves of which the Egyptians wrote. The Romans rolled up a number of skins to write upon, and called it a *volumen*, which is the Latin for a roll, whence we call a book a "volume."

Lastly, our Saxon forefathers used the barks of trees to write on, and especially the bark of the beech-tree. This bark they called "boc," and from that word is derived our present word "book."—*Old Merry.*

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

AMONG the amusements of German life, that bore, the so-called "musical party," is unknown. People who love music come together; they play their trios and quartets; sing their duos and solos, madrigals and glees; stop, take this or that passage over again; discuss the composer's intention; try it one way and another, enjoy it, and pass on to fresh enjoyments. There is no yawning audience bored to death in the background, longing to talk; guilty, perhaps, of that indiscretion, to the fury or despair of the performer, and the mute misery of the hostess. There is no "showing-off" and forced acclamations, no grimace, and no vanity in the German evening. These lovers of music meet together with the reverence and simplicity of primitive Christians reading the legacies of the evangelists; and, having interpreted their beloved masters to the best of their abilities, go their quiet way rejoicing.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Bishop Lynch, of the Catholic Church, in his sermon at the dedication of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston, in December last, boasted of the marvelous progress of the Church in this country, because of the freedom it has enjoyed here, in contrast with what it possesses in other lands:

"God sometimes gives her a fair field for her labors. So it is in this age and in this country. Ignorance and prejudice she has to encounter, but thank God that here she has a fair field where we may preach her Gospel; where, thank God again, in her own government she is not trammelled by civil power; where she is recognized, and can act according to her own laws.

"This, God has granted to her in these Western lands for now one hundred years; and it has been a lesson to other nations. They have tried to trammel her, and what have they gained? Have they not all fallen from abyss to abyss, often the direct result of antichristian feeling? Here, on the contrary, where the Church has been free, the growth of all things has been like that in the early centuries."

Similar statements were made by Catholic orators on the occasion of the consecration of a cardinal last Spring. The statements were true. The rights of conscience and the largest freedom of opinion are guaranteed alike to the native-born citizen and to the foreigner who may come among us. The Austrian Catholic may build or hire a house for worship; may hold public meetings at pleasure; may print, publish, sell, loan, or give away what publications he may please in reference to his faith; may proselyte, without let or hinderance, whomsoever he can, with no fear of detriment or prejudice to himself or his converts; and hold any place in the Church to which he may be called,—as priest, bishop, or archbishop. This is American freedom; this is what is lauded so abundantly by Catholic orators in this country, as for the best interests of their Church.

How is it in Austria, where the influence

of the Catholic clergy has so long prevailed in the civil Government? What one of all the above rights and privileges, conceded to the Austrian Catholic in the United States, has the American Protestant in Austria? Every restriction which the most subtle ingenuity can devise is thrown in his way. He can enter no pulpit, he can hold no public service to preach the Gospel, he can not even occupy a room for a lecture or a Bible-reading, without official leave from the local authorities, which they are free to withhold; he can not sell or give away a book or tract, or even loan one, without risking the penalties of the law. Yet Romanism in this country boasts of religious freedom! Would it limit freedom to Catholics alone? Is this the "fair play" it so commends? Or has it behaved so badly in Austria, kept the people so ignorant, had a clergy so immoral, so tyrannical, that it is afraid of the light? We ask for Americans in Austria the same privilege which Austrians have in the United States. We ask for fair play, a free field, and we will abide the result. It is to be hoped that the enlightened ministry, now conducting so wisely the policy of the Austrian Government in other respects, will remove these restrictions to the free development of the intellectual and moral life of the people.

WOMAN'S MISSION WORK IN BURMA.—Rev. E. O. Stevens, missionary in Burma, thus writes upon the question, "How may missionary labors be carried on most effectually in behalf of Burmese women?" He says that he speaks of Burmese women especially, for the reason that they are the dominant race; hence whatever is done in their behalf can not but have an influence upon all the tribes from which the Burman race is constantly recruiting itself. He insists that the Christian women in the American Churches may most successfully bring to bear upon Burmese women the enlightening and elevating influences of a pure Christianity: First, "by sustaining mission-schools among them for the education of their daughters;" second, "by making some

provision for the medical treatment of Burmese women, and the nursing of the sick among them and their children;" third, "by furnishing Burmese women with direct instruction in the truths of Christianity." These points are argued at considerable length, and we commend the suggestions to those engaged in "woman's work for woman" in this country. Mr. Stevens's experience on the field is a valuable factor in the discussion of this question.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.—The Lucknow *Witness* gives us the following information: "The whole number of Church members in North India is 1,889, a gain over last year of 322. Of this total, 261 are connected with the three English Churches in Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Allahabad; and of the year's increase, nearly fifty were at these places; the remaining 270 were added from the Hindoos and Mohammedans. During the year, 253 adults and 244 infants were baptized. Perhaps the most encouraging item in the figures is an increase of 1,000 children in the Sunday-schools. About 5,500 boys and girls, mostly heathen, are now assembled from Sunday to Sunday for the singing of Christian hymns, and for the receiving of instruction in the Word of God. The number of vernacular schools for boys is 84; for girls, 93; an increase of 35. The number of boys attending these schools is 3,226; of girls, 1,754; an increase of 1,167. Of Anglo-vernacular schools, there are 40, all but three being for boys; and the children in attendance number 3,035, an increase of 259. The total number of parsonages are valued at 1,061,904 rupees.

REVENUE FROM RUM AND TOBACCO.—The annual revenue derived from the duties upon spirits, malt, beer, wine, and tobacco, in Great Britain, amounts to nearly £40,000,000 sterling, or \$200,000,000. On the other hand, Great Britain loses, in consequence of this liquor consumption by her people, ten times as much in wealth, besides entailing crime, pauperism, and suffering without end.

MOHAMMEDANISM DECLINING.—The Khedive of Egypt, by a decree dated September 16th, has abolished the use of the Koran in the administration of the law. New laws (called the "Egyptian Code"), founded

upon the French laws, are to be exclusively used in the administration of justice. Tribunals formed after the manner of other nations were opened January 1st. A native school of laws has been established at Cairo. Previous to this change, the cadis administered the obscure law of the Koran very much at their individual pleasure.

EDUCATION IN JAPAN.—A recent Yokohama *Gazette* says that the Japanese of all classes are intensely eager for the spread of education in their country. "Almost daily we read of the opening of new schools, and grants made by private individuals in aid of education." The Mitsu Bishi steamship company has recently established a merchant seamen's school at Tokio, and arrangements of the most liberal kind are made for the instruction and maintenance of the students. This change of public sentiment is truly extraordinary, and the schools which are being thus established will, ere long, work a complete revolution of the empire.

MISSIONS ABROAD.—The latest missionary statistics reported give the following totals of members: Africa, including Madagascar, 130,000; Europe, including Scandinavia and Germany, 53,500; Asia, 120,000; Polynesia, 70,000; America, North and South, 21,500; West Indies, 105,000; total, 500,000.

TRACTS AND BIBLES.—The annual figuring up by the publication societies shows that the American Tract Society has distributed, since 1835, over 40,000,000 of tracts. The Bible Society's receipts for the past year have been nearly \$600,000, and it issued in that time almost 1,000,000 copies of the Bible and Testament. During its existence it has distributed 32,000,000 copies.

CHRISTIAN HOME FOR YOUNG WOMEN.—The Montreal Young Women's Christian Association is doing a serviceable work, by providing suitable boarding-houses for young women coming as strangers to the city for employment, introducing them to Churches of their own denomination, and seeing that influences about them are favorable to their temporal, moral, and spiritual welfare. They also have a reading-room and library accessible to Protestant young women, where they are surrounded by the comforts of a home.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SEVERE as the times have been, the Western Agents, Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, have published a goodly number of good and useful books during the last four years. One of the latest is *A Comprehensive History of Methodism*, in one volume, duodecimo, by James Porter, D. D., a well-known author and authority in Methodist history and polity. The first part embraces British Methodism, in two hundred and forty pages. The second part contains over three hundred and fifty pages, and brings American Methodism down to the present time. Bangs's history is too old, and Stevens's too bulky, for general circulation; so Dr. Porter steps in and supplies the want with a volume of moderate size, which would be cheap at two dollars, yet is offered to the public at one dollar and seventy-five cents, in consideration of a confident expectation of a large demand. Dr. Porter was prominent in the early abolition movements of New England; participated in the General Conference of 1844; made stout fight against lay delegation; and was cognizant of all the facts and phases of the Book Room troubles, and gives his own views, in a most catholic spirit, on all these questions and issues.

METHODISM seems not likely to be forgotten for lack of historians and eulogists. New histories, new exhibits of its polity, and new rehearsals of its successes, acquisitions, numerical strength, number of ministers, communicants, presses, schools, colleges, and other temporal and spiritual advantages, are periodically making their appearance. Just on the eve of a General Conference in which important questions of polity are likely to come up, Rev. Dr. J. T. Crane discusses with vigor and ability *Methodism and its Methods* (Nelson & Phillips; Hitchcock & Walden). His views touching the Church, the itinerancy, the episcopacy, and the presiding eldership, are highly worthy of the attention not only of the general reader, but of those who, during the month of May coming, will have all these topics under consideration, in the interest of needed changes, reforms, and modifications.

THE Holy Land is a theme of perennial interest. Any new information from that quarter of the globe is hailed with pleasure, and perused with eagerness bordering on enthusiasm. Bible-readers and Bible-lovers are glad of any aids to interpretation, any thing in the interest of elucidation, any thing in the way of confirmation, of the truth of the holy record. Dr. John P. Newman's *Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh*, published simultaneously by the Harpers and the Methodist Book Concerns, will furnish new light to readers on numerous points of Scriptural inquiry. The Doctor went around the world, and judiciously selects out of his trip the most interesting thousand miles out of the whole twenty-five thousand as the theme for his eloquent pen. Nothing in Europe, nothing in India, China, or the islands of the sea, moved him personally, or would move the mass of readers, like the description of a trip through Western Asia,—the scenes of the creation, flood, divine dispensation, and redemption. Dr. Newman's book is not beyond criticism; but a brief book notice, such as it is customary to give nowadays of every publication that comes out from the press, affords little opportunity for criticism. Indeed, elaborate criticism would be thrown away on the great mass of works that, like newspapers and magazines, are designed to be read for amusement, recreation, or a few grains of information, and then thrown aside, scarcely raising a ripple on the great surface of the literary ocean. This book betrays on every page the sanguine temperament of the author, his brilliant imagination, his almost Romish facility of accepting traditions, his disposition to see the bright side of every thing, and to make the best of every circumstance and situation. Those who travel have the right to tell travelers' tales. Dr. Newman and his "elect lady" (we wish he had found some better title by which to describe his good wife) have done the heroic, and are entitled to the honors, while we stay-at-homes share the benefits without encountering the inconvenience or incurring the dangers. Read in connection with the

treatises of scientific travelers and discoverers, this work will shed light on many points of inquiry, and will be read with unflagging interest from beginning to end.

A NICE tract to put into the hands of the skeptical is Rev. John Bagley's *Confessions of a Converted Infidel*, published by T. L. D. Walford, Richmond, Virginia, and sold by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee.

A CONVENIENT hand-book on an exceedingly important subject is Rev. N. Doane's little work on *Infant Baptism*, a treatise that needs extensive circulation in these days when the important ordinance of infant baptism is extensively ignored and neglected.

ONE of the numerous efforts to make the past live in the youthful mind through the imagination is that of Calvin E. Gardner, in the semi-fiction *Every Inch a King*, a story illustrating the reigns of David and Solomon, Kings of Israel, suggested by Dr. Vincent as a valuable aid to Biblical knowledge, and published by Nelson & Phillips. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

POPULARIZING works for youthful use is a valuable way of disseminating knowledge, especially the condensing from larger works, compressing into smaller compass useful information embodied in immense and expensive volumes. Rev. Z. A. Mudge publishes, through Nelson & Phillips, *North Pole Voyages*, with sketches, facts, and incidents of American efforts to reach the North Pole, from the second Grinnell expedition to that of the *Polaris*. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

The Devil's Chain is an extravaganza from the prolific and intense pen of Edward Jenkins, M. P., author of "Ginx's Baby," and "Little Hodge." The chain consists of nine links, and is a series of pictures, rather than a well developed plot and story, of the tragic evils of intemperance. It strikes at the highest classes as well as the lowest, and shows how rum ruins all,—virtuous young man and virtuous young woman, lady in high life, college graduate, clergyman, skilled artisan; and all that government may reap a trifling advantage by way of taxation on the manufacture and sale of the infernal poison. It ends with the wreck of a noble ship

through the agency of this liquid "dynamite." We fear its tragic exhibitions and burning words will make little impression upon the British public. Nothing but a war like that that destroyed slavery will purge the social fabric from the evils of rum. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

FRANK VINCENT, JR., is a diligent traveler, an acute observer, and a lively chronicler of what he sees. We read his "Land of the White Elephant," with great pleasure two years ago, and have enjoyed equally well his *Through and Through the Tropics* (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), particularly his descriptions of the Sandwich Islands and Australia. Mr. Vincent has reason to congratulate himself upon the popular favor with which his books are received.

THE Messrs. Harper also send us *Elijah the Prophet*, thirteen lectures on the prophet of Carmel, by Rev. William Taylor, D. D.; *Athenagoras*, the fourth volume of the series of Christian authors, now being published by the liberality of Mr. Benjamin Douglass, at Lafayette College, under the editorship of F. A. March, LL. D.; and *Christmas Stories*, by Charles Dickens, Household Series. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

MR. SAMUEL SMILES has written, within the last twenty years, many works of value to the English industrial classes, especially "Self Help," and, latterly, *Thrift*. We commend to the perusal of all classes his racily written and richly illustrated chapters—Industry, Habits of Thrift, Improvidence, Means of Saving, Methods of Economy, and a score of other things equally worthy of the attention of the American people, particularly of the so-called "working-classes," just at this juncture, when all classes, especially the poor, are reaping the bitter fruits of extravagance, waste, and thriftlessness. Only a true Christianity, every-where diffused and practiced, will arrest the tide of recklessness, make men both industrious and economical. It is a great problem to be generous without being profuse, saving without being mean, industrious with due regard to mental and moral cultivation. It is a shame to the nineteenth century, if only one knew how to remedy it,

that highest wealth lies on the background of deepest poverty, highest culture in startling contrast with densest ignorance, vain efforts of grand benevolent operations in immediate contact with giant crime, suffering, poverty, and wickedness. (Harper & Bros., New York; Robt. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

DIARY.—*The Indexed Diary* is a unique affair, issued by the Erie Publishing Company, calendared, year, month, and day, for five years, after a most convenient fashion, with some four hundred blank pages for daily record.

EVERY inflationist and every anti-inflationist in the land should read *Currency and Banking*, by Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, England. The perusal of this little manual would tend to dissipate the thick ignorance which prevails, even among politicians, editors, bankers, and commercial men generally, on the great questions of the day. Section 3, of Chapter II, on "Inconvertible Banknotes," seems to have been written for the express benefit of the statesmen and ruling minds of our own Republic. There are only three chapters in the book, and every one of them is full of meaning. They are, "Metallic Currency; Paper Currency; What is a Bank?" Mr. Price indicates the true way out of our financial straits, if our statesmen had the knowledge, the will, and the ability to lead us out. There will be no end to our troubles,—Professor Price thinks,—as long as we suffer from the evils of an inconvertible paper currency. Our only way out is the resumption, at the earliest possible moment, of specie payments and a metallic currency. To reach this will entail labor, privation, and suffering on many, if not on all; but to this it must needs come, or business will continue stagnant, trade and manufactures will not move, the country will not prosper, and multitudes will linger in the purlieus of starvation and beggary. If resumption will cure our evils, may the good Lord and our astute politicians send it with all convenient speed! (D. Appleton & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) May be ordered through Hitchcock & Walden, Western Methodist Book Concern. Every body who wants a clear idea of the nature and relations of money, business,

currency, and banks, should read this little volume.

A HANDSOME volume of three hundred pages, entitled *Household Elegancies*, comes from Henry T. Williams, New York (Robt. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), edited by Mr. Williams, conjointly with Mrs. C. S. Jones. Its secondary title, "Suggestions in Household Art and Tasteful Home Decorations," fully indicates its scope and design. It treats of Leather, Wax, Cone, Spruce, Seed, Bead, and Spatter Work; also of Papier Maché, Glass Transparencies, Phantom Leaves, and Bouquets. Designs for embroidery upon canvas and card-board are given in great variety. Very few of the suggestions are entirely new, but the illustrations (of which there are nearly three hundred) are so life-like, the descriptions so lucid, and the materials so easily procurable and cheap, that the whole subject of home ornamentation appears to the reader in a new and most attractive light.

Inside the Gates is a sweet little volume on child-heaven, "children safely garnered" (of such is the kingdom of heaven), by Dr. J. H. M'Carty,—a store of comfort for bereaved fathers and mothers. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati; Nelson & Phillips, New York.)

FICTION.—From the Harpers, New York, we have received, *Halves*, by James Payn; *Owen Gwynn's Great Work*, by the author of "The Story of Wandering Willie;" *Victor and Vanquished*, by Mary Cecil Hay; and *Off the Roll*, by Katharine King. From D. Appleton & Co., Geier-Wally: A Tale of the Tyrol, by Wilhelmine Von Hillern; *The Little Joanna*, by Kamba Thorpe; and *Mrs. Limber's Raffle*; or, A Church Fair and its Victims,—a mild satire on certain doubtful Church enterprises,—all in paper covers. From Dodd & Mead, *The Bertram Family*, by the author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."

NURSERY AND SEED CATALOGUES.—Vick's *Illustrated Floral Guide*, for 1876, Rochester, New York; D. M. Ferry's *Seed Annual*, Detroit, Michigan; Storrs, Harrison & Company's *Spring Catalogues* of Nursery Trees, Bedding Plants, Roses, etc., Painesville, O; Briggs's *Floral Work*, 1876, Rochester, N. Y.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OBITUARIAL.—In answer to the routine Disciplinary question asked by the presiding bishop at every annual conference, "Have any died?" we have it statistically reported that one hundred and thirty-five itinerant preachers last year finished their course and went to their reward. Brief notices of about one hundred of these are printed in the General Minutes for 1875. It is often said, "Our people die well." In looking over the accounts given of the last hours of these departed ministerial brethren, we may say, without undue boasting, "Our preachers die well." Some went suddenly, some in great pain, some sank into unconsciousness and so passed quietly away; but, in every instance where there were opportunities for testimony to the power of religion to save in the dying hour, it was freely, often triumphantly, given. It refreshes our hearts to look over this precious death-roll. In this fast and fastidious age, religious obituaries are voted a bore, and regarded as stale reading even by Church members. Few styles of reading are more edifying than biography, and obituary is only condensed biography. Religious obituary, like religious biography, is profitable reading, enjoyed by thousands, and useful both to mind and heart. Of course, it takes a good writer to write a good obituary. It does not improve it to stuff it with dates, platitudes, or commonplaces, or the reflections and eloquence of the composer. The experience of the subject is the material out of which an obituary should be made.

Our religious weeklies should be so supported by an ample subscription list that they could afford to do away with broadsides of advertisements (absolutely necessary now to float the paper), and then they could give a column or two to obituary notices, to the profit and pleasure of a large class of readers. The most surprising thing of all is to hear a conference of ministers growling about obituaries in our Church journals! Every one of the hundred and thirty-five preachers that died last year had not only his funeral, but a conference memorial service and a title to notice, varying from a paragraph or two to

one or two columns, in the crowded General Minutes, published at a losing expense by the Church. One would like to know if every one of the nineteen thousand five hundred members that died last year had not just as good a right to notice in our Church papers as the hundred and thirty-five preachers. Methodist laity die at the rate of three hundred to four hundred a week, but they are distributed all over the globe, and are the constituents of fifteen or twenty Church papers, religious weeklies, whose object mainly is to place religious matter before their readers; and what religious matter, the Bible being our guide, is better than religious biography?

Saying, as the Ohio Conference did at its recent session, in an adopted report which it gave a select committee a year to prepare, "no obituaries" in the *Advocate*, which that Conference is pledged to sustain, is equivalent to saying, that, though the laity have a right to die, they have no right to mention after death in a paper created and sustained by their own money.

Last words, words spoken in the presence of death, eternity, and a near God, are a treasured legacy to survivors. Of the poorest and meanest son of Adam, even of the criminal on the gallows, it is eagerly asked, "How did he die?" "What were his dying words?" What wonder, then, that Christians prize the dying testimonies of the saints, and, that there is a wide-spread desire, quite beyond the circle of actual acquaintance, to learn how our departed fellow-mortals wrestled with the grim destroyer! The General Minutes for 1875 satisfy this instinctive desire in reference to a hundred heralds of the cross. It will help us both in living and dying to heed and treasure the utterances of dying officers of the militant host. Let us listen to a few of them. The good Henry Furlong said to his children: "Aim at high attainments in religion, and let your characters shine through your lives. Give my love to the brethren, and tell them I die on the Rock." The veteran Henry Slicer said, "My ministry counts for nothing now; my trust is only in the Mediator." In the

dreams of a sick-bed the voice of the devoted Eddy rang out with the old missionary fervor, "We must, we can, we will conquer! Forward, is the word; sing and pray, ETERNITY DAWNS!" Milton Hysore exclaimed, in the midst of a sermon, "Jesus saves me; saves me now!" and fell in the pulpit, never to speak again. J. R. West's last words were, "A band of angels waits to waft my spirit home: halleluiah!" I. D. King said, "My name is King, but I am not crowned yet; I expect soon to get my crown. All is bright and clear, and I shall soon be home!" Robert Kemp, "Now I lie down to sleep in Jesus!" William Grace, "O, the glory that shines around me!" J. A. Little, "These are the happiest moments of my life!" Stephen D. Brown, "I have been preparing for this hour for many years!" E. L. Janes, the Bishop's twin brother, "It is all bright to me; how could I doubt? how could I doubt?" John Trippett, "I have no fear of death; for fifty-four years I have not lost my peace with God." Alonzo Wood's last intelligible words, "Almost to Jesus!" George Jenkins, "Not a cloud overshadows my spiritual skies; all is well." A. A. Farr, "I have tried for a long time to be ready for two things, to preach and to die; I am ready to go home." John Hanlon, "Eternity is near; eternity, eternity! it is sweet to die in Jesus." John S. George, "I never thought I could draw near to death and feel so calm." James M'Millan, "O the preciousness of Jesus!" To his wife he said, "We have been very dear to each other, but Jesus is dearer than all." John Klien, "I am so inexpressibly happy now that I have given all into the hands of God! glorious, all glorious." Daniel De Motte, "All is well! blessed Jesus!" Joseph White, "Come Jesus; take me." John Blanpied, "The Lord is letting me down gently; happy in the Lord." J. W. Yokom, "Hark! I hear them! I see them!" Douglas Reagh went repeating the dying words of John Wesley, "The best of all is, God is with us." Micah Purkhiser, "The wires are laid and the poles are all up from 'Stony Point' to headquarters!"

Such are the sweet and precious testimonies gleaned from a hasty glance through the biographical notices of a hundred and thirty-five ministers in a single year. What

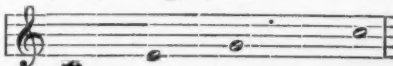
a precious re-enforcement if we could add the choice sayings out of the obituary notices of nearly twenty thousand sainted members! and what a treasury of good things the Church of God would lose, if we should follow the Ohio Conference opinion in the Church papers,—“no obituaries!”

BELLS.—A recent writer calls attention to the fondness of Charles Dickens for bells, particularly for chimes, which are common in all European countries, and becoming increasingly common in this country. Fifty years ago, towers and spires and bells were as obnoxious to Methodists as to Quakers, and to this day few Methodist churches in large cities have bells in their steeples. In the country the bell is a necessity, in the absence of church-clocks and standard time. Romish churches have one bell, or a peal, or full chime, according to ability, and Protestants are rapidly following their example. In every village inland, Sunday morning is ushered in with a chorus of bells, often clanging as discordantly as the creeds of their owners. By a little agreement a half dozen sects, with half a dozen church bells, might have them tuned, as they are cast at the foundry, to certain letters of the musical scale, by which they would give forth harmony, instead of discord, when they are rung in concert.

A friend recently inquired about chimes and their cost. For his information we sent to our old friend and former parishioner, Octavius Jones, Esq., of the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Troy, New York, and obtained full particulars, a few of which may interest the general reader. And first, the difference between a chime and a peal of bells. The chime follows the musical scale, and eight bells would be required to represent the eight notes of the natural scale.



A peal might be made with three bells,—first, third, and fifth; or with four,—first, third, fifth, and eighth, thus:



The number of bells in a chime varies indefinitely. That in the Metropolitan Method-

ist Church in Washington, made by the Jones Brothers, in 1871, through the efforts of Mrs. John P. Newman, has eleven bells, with a total weight of 13,263 pounds; that in the Michigan-avenue Baptist Church, Chicago, made by the Joneses in 1870 (the largest chime ever made in this country), has seventeen bells, with a total weight of 17,860 pounds.

Out of a number of scales submitted, we select one of nine bells as a specimen:

Bells.	Weight of Bell.	Key.
1.	2465 pounds.	E♭
2.	1610 "	F
3.	1300 "	G
4.	1055 "	A♭
5.	858 "	B♭
6.	725 "	C
7.	639 "	D♭
8.	551 "	D
9.	414 "	E♭

9617 pounds, total weight.

A chime of this style can be furnished for less than five thousand dollars, including all expenses, and is therefore quite in the reach of many a metropolitan or even village church. A rough mode of ascertaining the expense of a bell is to take half its weight as the estimate of what it will cost hung in the steeple. We know a city chime which the whole surrounding community helped to put up. The Church gave a bell or bells by general subscription, the young men gave a bell, the lawyers a bell, the doctors a bell, various mechanical trades each a bell, till the chime was made up. A bell is a beautiful and ever-speaking memento of a departed friend,—a far better monument to a memory than an obelisk in an unfrequented cemetery. When it is cast, a bell can be covered all over with inscriptions, names, and words of love and grateful or affectionate memory. Instead of a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars expended in cold and silent marble in a grave-yard, put the memento in a living bell, or in a living peal, or as one of a chime, and you will be reminded, Sunday by Sunday, of the departed, in tones of mingled sadness and joy.

LEAP-YEAR.—This year has three hundred and sixty-six days, and the extra day is Sunday, so that there will be fifty-three Sundays, a fact of which sermon-makers who lay out their work beforehand will do well to take notice.

PART IRON, PART CLAY.—A few months ago we wrote an article with this caption, which is singularly illustrated in the Preface to Castelar's "Life of Lord Byron," by José Roma Leal, of Havana. Byron, he says, "attempts every thing; actions the purest and the most sensual; tastes the most exquisite and the most debased; he desires glory and receives contempt; he feels grandeur, yet rolls in the dust of littleness; he exalts melancholy, yet wastes his life in bacchanalian orgies; he has the most extreme ideas of mental independence, yet submits to the humiliating domination of tyrannical women; cries out against the pride of despotism and privilege, yet is himself remarkable for arrogance; pretends to be above the emptiness of ceremonious customs, yet decks himself with frivolous satins and laces." This Spanish critic regards Byron, vibrating between these extremes, as the type of the present age. To our thinking, he is simply a type of the opposites possible in the character of every human being,—greatness and littleness, so mixed that it depends upon the circumstances in which we form a man's acquaintance, as to whether we regard him as strong or weak, divine or human. Castelar himself says, "Great qualities can not exist if not accompanied by grand defects, for the light of the soul is only made visible by shadows."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Western scenery has become somewhat familiar to our readers by the photographic pictures and the Government reports which have been published; but there are many views which the camera has not reproduced, and Government artists have not seen. Prominent among these is the glimpse we give in our engraving, *Lake Esther*, among the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California. It is a good specimen of Bierstadt's style, and Bierstadt excels in painting mountain scenery. He has well mingled sky and cloud, mountain peaks and ridges, tall trees and flashing water, rocks and shadows, until the eye gazes restfully upon one of nature's loveliest landscapes, and almost envies the quiet and security of the reposing deer. Our thanks are due to the owner, R. E. Moore, Esq., of New York, who kindly loaned the picture for engraving. An excellent sketch accompanies the portrait of Thomas T. Tasker. Read it.

CASH'S NONE ARE GENUINE WITHOUT
THE NAME AND TRADE MARK
OF J. & J. CASH.

CAMBRIC

IS THE MOST DURABLE AND
SATISFACTORY TRIMMING
FOR LADIES', CHILDREN'S
AND INFANTS' WARDROBES.

Frilling



"DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINES.

Liberal terms of Exchange
for Second-hand Machines
of every description.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.

The Best Patterns made. Send 5 cts. for Catalogue.

Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,

AGENTS WANTED. NEW YORK.



DECALCOMANIE,

or TRANSFER PICTURES, with book of
24 pp., giving full instructions in this new
and beautiful art, sent post-paid for 10 cts.
They are Heals, Landscapes, Animals,
Birds, Insects, Flowers, Autumn Leaves, Comic Figures, &c.
They can be easily transferred to any article so as to imitate the
most beautiful paintings. Also, 5 beautiful GEM CHROMOS
for 10 cts.; 10 for 50 cts. Agents wanted.
Address J. L. PATTEN & CO., 162 William Street, New York.

BEAUTIFUL

FLOWERS

Delivered free of cost per mail at your door. Splendid
assortment of ROSES, six for \$1, thirteen for \$2.
Send for New Descriptive Catalogue of Plants, gratis.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,

Cherry Hill Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.

NOW IS YOUR TIME, LADIES,

To practice economy. When dresses, ribbons, feath-
ers, ties, or other articles, have become so faded you
can not use them longer, they can be made as good
as new by recoloring them with LEAMON'S ANILINE
Dyes. Many things can be made to last three times
as long if you will keep them bright and handsome
by using these Dyes. There is nothing but what
they will color. Full directions with each package
for all kinds of Dyeing, and to make the best Inks,
Laundry Blue, etc., etc. Use Leamon's Dyes.

BUY the INDEXED DIARY, good for 5
yrs. and good at any time of the year.
Price, 63 Address ERIC PUB. CO. Erie, Pa.

50

Visiting Cards, with your name finely
printed, sent for 25c. We have 100 styles.
Agents Wanted. 9 samples sent for
stamp. A. H. Fuller & Co., Brockton, Mass.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, F. K. PHENIX, Bloom-
ington, Ill. Price-lists free. 4 Catalogues, 25 cts.

PRAIRIE LANDS.

Send your address on POSTAL-CARD to Land Com'r,
R. & M. R., BURLINGTON, IOWA, and receive, FREE,
copy of Iowa & Neb. Farmer, with CHART OF LANDS.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME IS COMING

Your Carpets must be Relaid.

DO YOU want to save time, temper, and backaches?

The EXCELSIOR CARPET STRETCHER

and Tack-Hammer combined will lay your Carpets with ease.

Every one says, "Is just the thing we want." You will be

delighted with it. Circulars free. AGENTS WANTED.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt \$1.25. Address Excelsior Mfg Co. 151 Michigan Av. Chicago, Ill.

HO FOR IOWA!—Documents sent free. No grass-
hoppers; no fever and ague. Write Land Com'r
Ia. R. R. Land Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Ladies' Dress DYE-HOUSE.

Dyeing a spe-
cialty for forty years. Goods by Express will re-
ceive careful attention.

Send for Descriptive Pamphlet.

WM. R. TEASDALE

265 Walnut St., Cincinnati O.

SEND postal-card, with your address, to Land Com-
missioner B. & M. R. R., Burlington, Ia., and receive
FREE chart of Farm Lands for sale in Iowa and Neb.

ROSES, VERBENAS BEDDING AND EXHIBITION PLANTS

Acceptance Medal at Exposition

Fine stock at Low Figures. Catalogue FREE.

Address H. P. CRITCHELL, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BUCKEYE BELLS

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, Established in 1837.
Superior Bells of Copper and Tin, mounted with Rotary Hang-
ings, for Churches, Schools, Court-Houses, Almshouses, Tower Clocks,
Chimes, etc. Fully warranted. Illustrated Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUSEN & TIFF, 102 and 104 East Second St., Cincinnati.

STATIONERY. A large and well-selected stock. Ministers, Students, and Schools supplied at reduced rates. Catalogues of Books and Lists of Stationery sent by mail on application. Address

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN,
Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis.

BOOKS FOR THE TIMES.**Methodism and its Methods.**

By Rev. J. T. Crane, D. D. 12mo. 400 pages. . . . \$1 50

Christians and the Theater.

By J. M. Buckley. 16mo. . . . 80

All for Christ.

Or, How the Christian may Obtain, by a Renewed Consecration of his Heart, the Fullness of Joy referred to by the Savior just previous to his Crucifixion. By Rev. Thos Carter, D. D. 16mo. . . . \$0 75

The Class-Leader:

His Work, and How to Do It. With Illustrations of Principles, Needs, Methods, and Results. By Rev. John Atkinson, A. M., author of "Garden of Sorrows." 12mo, . . . 1 50

Helps to Prayer.

By D. P. Kidder, D. D. Red Line edition. Toned paper, gilt edges, beveled boards. Square 12mo, . . . 3 50

Israel in Egypt.

Egypt's Place among the Ancient Monarchies. With more than 200 illustrations. By Edward L. Clark. 8vo. 352 pages. Beveled cloth, gilt tops, \$5. In morocco extra, 10 00

The Christian Pastorate:

Its Character, Responsibilities, and Duties. By Daniel P. Kidder, D. D., author of "A Treatise on Homiletics," "Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil," etc. 12mo. 1 75

John Winthrop

AND THE GREAT COLONY; OR, Sketches of the Settlement of Boston, and of the more Prominent Persons connected with the Massachusetts Colony. By Chas. K. True, D. D. Illustrated. Large 16mo, . . . 1 00

Popery and its Aims.

A Tract for the Times. By Rev. Granville Moody, D. D. 12mo. Flexible, . . . 50

Books about Boys who Fought

AND WON. Four volumes: Josey, the Runaway; Irish Jem's Three Trials; Bob, the Bootblack; Trial of Obedience. Illustrated. 18mo, . . . 2 25

Talks with Girls.

By Augusta Larned. 12mo, . . . 1 50

Hand-Book of Bible Manners

AND CUSTOMS. By Rev. James M. Freeman. 12mo. 515 pages, 168 Engravings, . . . 2 50
Morocco, . . . 4 50

The Wesleyan Demosthenes:

Comprising Select Sermons of Rev. Joseph Beaumont. With a Sketch of his Character. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley, D. D. 16mo, \$1 25

Mehotabel:

A Story of the Revolution. By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. 16mo, . . . 1 25

Hope Raymond;

Or, What is Truth? By Mrs. E. T. Raymond. 16mo, . . . 1 00

On Holy Ground.

Travels in Palestine. By Edwin Hodder. 12mo, . . . 1 50

Six Years in India;

Or, Sketches of India and its People. By Mrs. E. J. Humphrey. Eight Illustrations. 12mo, . . . 1 25

Queen Louisa of Prussia;

Or, Goodness in a Palace. From German Sources. By Catherine E. Hurst, . . . 1 00

The Catacombs of Rome;

And their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity. By W. H. Withrow, M. A. 134 Illustrations; 560 pages. 12mo, . . . 3 00

Whedon's Commentary

ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. Vol. IV. Dr. Whedon's fourth volume on the New Testament includes 1 Corinthians to 2 Timothy. 12mo, . . . 1 75

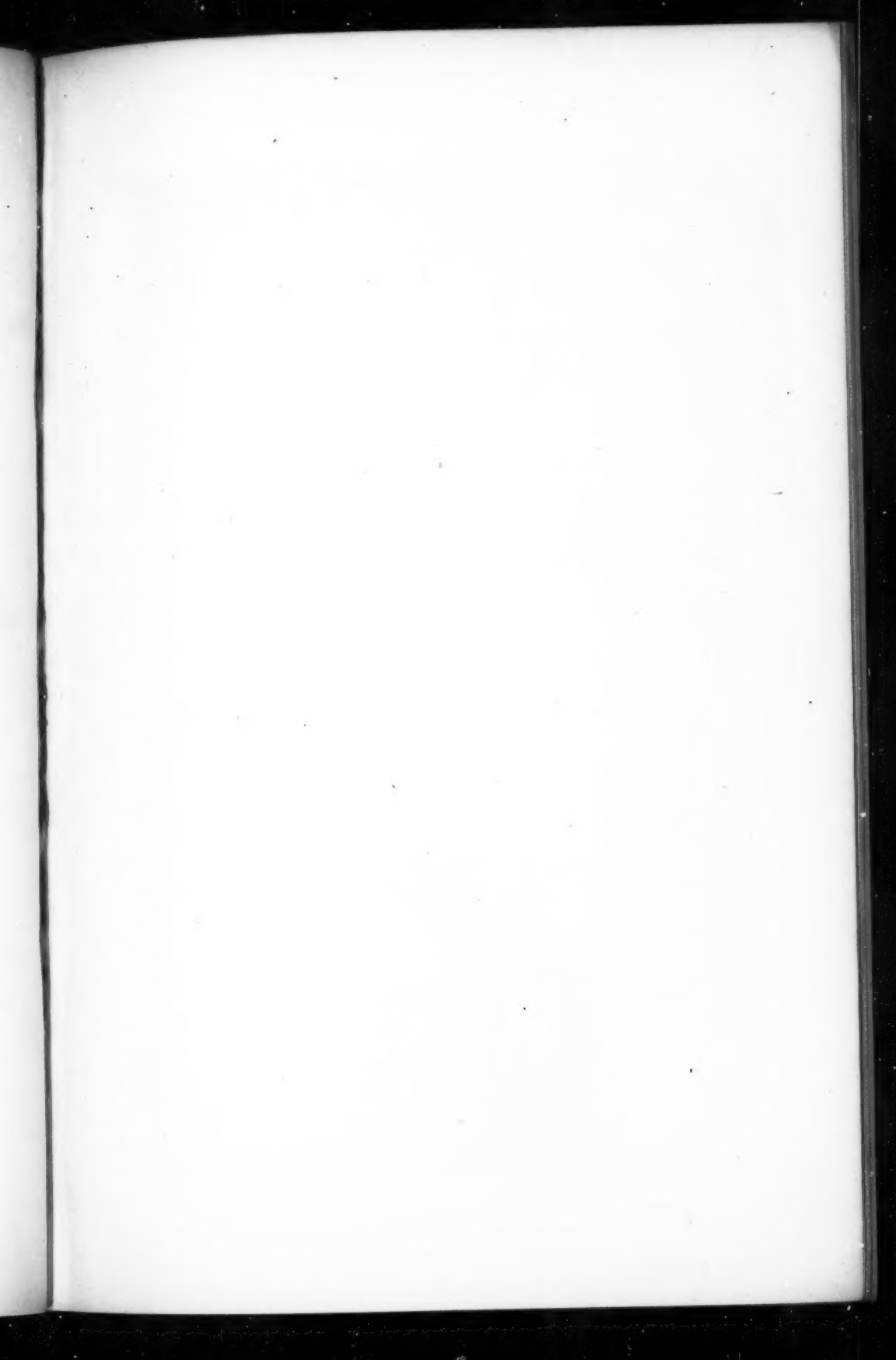
Church History Stories.

By Emma Leslie. Illustrated. 12mo. Each, 1 50
GLAUCIA: A Story of Athens in the First Century.
FLAVIA; OR, LOYAL UNTO THE END. A Tale of the Church in the Second Century.
QUADRATUS: A Tale of the World in the Church.
AYESHA: A Tale of the Times of Mohammed.
LEOFWINE, THE SAXON: A Story of Hopes and Struggles.
ELFREDA: A Sequel to Leofwine. Illustrated.

Hand-Book of Bible Geography.

New and revised edition, containing the Name, Pronunciation, and Meaning of every Place, Nation, and Tribe mentioned in both the Canonical and Apocryphal Scriptures. By Rev. George H. Whitney, D. D. Illustrated by 100 engravings, and 40 maps and plans. 400 closely printed pages, . . . 2 50
Morocco, antique, . . . 4 50

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis.
NELSON & PHILLIPS, New York.





VIEW FROM THE TOP OF MOUNT ROOSEVELT

L. B. BROWN

collaborated with the former theory (Hollnagel, 1998). From this perspective, researchers are able to move on a



EAST ROCK NEWHAVEN CON

H. ENGLISH, WOOD